

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE



YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG



JUNE
1941

THE STAR THAT SHINES ALL NIGHT!



Now...Texaco Dealers offer you night-long service in all 48 States



The hour is late . . . the driving, tough . . . the road, lonely. Then, through the cold, wet darkness shines a star . . . the Texaco Star. Beneath its friendly light, a man waits to serve you . . . a Texaco Dealer, alert, capable, competent.

☆ ☆ ☆

He will offer you the comfort of his Registered Rest Room . . . set you straight on your route . . . clean that befogged windshield . . . adjust that bothersome headlight . . . or supply one of those two famous Texaco gasolines, FIRE-CHIEF or SKY CHIEF. He will protect your hard-worked motor with In-

sulated Havoline, or Texaco Motor Oil.

Yes! All night long, throughout the touring season, in 48 States, Texaco Dealers offer you this vigilant all-night service. You will find it waiting for you this summer at convenient points along all the national highways.

You're Welcome AT

TEXACO DEALERS



TUNE IN FRED ALLEN in a full-hour program every Wed. Night, C. S. S., 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 9:00 M.T., 8:00 P.T.



A MEANS of foiling the German censors has been found by British prisoners of war in Germany, says C. P. Legate of McKinney, Texas. One of them wrote to his father: "We get the best food I've ever eaten. The camp guards are all extremely decent and intelligent. Tell all my friends how well I am being treated. Tell my friends in the Army, tell them in the Navy, and, above all, tell it to the Marines!"

C HIEF BUSHY TAIL observes that no matter how great a man is, the size of his funeral depends on the weather.

L EGIONNAIRE FRANK FIGOLI of Grantwood, New Jersey, says that a number of Legionnaires jammed themselves into a crowded restaurant one night after a Post meeting. A hurried and greatly flustered waitress spilled a bowl of hot soup all over the Chaplain. The good man tried to control his annoyance and his rising anger. Then he exploded: "Come! Come! One of you sinful comrades say something appropriate!"

"Y ES," said the lawyer to the tearful young woman, "a divorce would cost you about two hundred dollars."

"Don't be ridiculous!" she flared at him. "That's too much. Besides, I can have him shot for fifty!"

D INNER guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?"

Professor, absent-mindedly: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

L EGIONNAIRE E. M. JULL of Morrill, Nebraska, has not been able to figure out the extent of injuries received by a lady in an auto mishap. The newspaper account read: "Mrs. Wilson, in

BURSTS AND DUDS

a little more tender. You see, I've got to eat it!"

A COUPLE of selectees were discussing their company officers. "You know," said one, "I feel like I'd like to punch that hard-boiled top-sergeant in the nose again!"

Friend: "Again?"

Number One: "Yes, again—I felt like it yesterday!"



"Shame on you, Oscar! Where is that homing instinct you brag about?"

attempting to get out of the way of the auto, fell to the pavement, injuring her somewhat."

A MAN walked, rather hesitatingly, into a haberdasher's shop. "I just lost a bet," he said, "and I want to get a soft hat."

The clerk selected a hat from the shelf behind him and handed it to the prospective purchaser with the remark: "This is the softest hat we have in stock."

The customer gazed at it speculatively. "What I want," he sighed, "is something

T HE hospital doors swung open and a man who had been bitten by a dog was rushed in and hurried on to the operating room. Before submitting to treatment he called for a pencil and paper and began writing a list of names.

"Is that a list of persons you want notified in case anything happens?" inquired the nurse.

"No," said the patient, brightly, "this is a list of people I want to bite just in case I develop hydrophobia."

A PROUD young father called the priest to baptize his son, whose name was given as Tom. The child was duly christened, but the priest gave him the name of Thomas.

During the next year the same father called the same priest for a similar service. "And I don't want you to add another name, neither," cautioned the father. "Last year I called my boy Tom and you made it Thomas. This boy's name is Jack—nothing else!"

The American Legion Magazine will pay one dollar for each joke accepted for Bursts and Duds. Address Bursts and Duds, The American Legion Magazine, 15 West 48th Street, New York City. Don't send postage, as no jokes will be returned.



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

June, 1941

Vol. 50, No. 6

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 5578 and copies returned under labels form 5579, to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Published Monthly by The American Legion,
455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
15 West 48th St., New York City



Contents

The Message Center

THE importance of the United States Navy in the present state of the world is reflected in two articles in this issue of your magazine. Legionnaire Ray Tucker's *A Trap for the Jap* is a realistic appraisal of the situation of the United States and the Philippines in the spread into French Indo-China of Japan's war against China. The other, Paul Schubert's *Battle Wagon*, takes you behind the scenes on a great battleship of the Navy and shows just what it means to be prepared every minute of every day to cope with any situation that may arise. Mr. Schubert is an Annapolis graduate in the class of 1920 and had five years' service in the Navy, being a lieutenant when he resigned. He is the author of a number of books, including two on the naval history of

Important

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 51.

the old World War, and is a naval affairs commentator for the Mutual Broadcasting System.

ONCE in a while we get a letter about a story or article from a Legionnaire commenting on some story or article of long standing. Such a letter is that sent by E. J. Melton, Manager of the *Record and Missourian* of (Continued on page 59)

COVER DESIGN

By J. W. SCHLAIKER

BURSTS AND DUDS

"TO CONSECRATE AND SANCTIFY
OUR COMRADESHIP" 1

By JACK R. C. CANN

Illustration by William Heaslip

HERE THEY COME! REPORT!

By RICHARD SEELYE JONES 5

TEAMWORK

By ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT 8

Illustrations by Raymond Sisley

A TRAP FOR THE JAP

By RAY TUCKER 10

QUOTA

By WINSOR JOSSELYN 12

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

BATTLE WAGON

By PAUL SCHUBERT 14

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ...

Sketches by Lt. Col. John W.
Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C. 16

TIE SCORE

By FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR. 18

Illustrations by George Shanks

DEFENSE OF TWO AMERICANS

By ROY DICKINSON 20

DEMOCRACY AND FAITH

By ROBERT LEE BEVERIDGE 22

EDITORIAL:

A DUTY AND A PRIVILEGE 25

THERE BURNS A LIGHT

By BOYD B. STUTLER 24

DAIRYLAND AWAITS YOU

By RALPH E. AMMON 26

EVERYBODY PLAY!

By JOHN R. TUNIS 28

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE

"PIONEERS" IS RIGHT 30

By JOHN J. NOLL 34

JUST SUPPOSING

By WALLGREN 42

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1941 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Milo J. Warner, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Vilas H. Whaley, Racine, Wis., Vice Chairman. Members of Commission: Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Jerry Owen, Salem, Ore.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Robert L. Collesh, Des Moines, Ia.; Dwight Griswold, Gordon, Nebr.; Dr. William F. Murphy, Palestine, Tex.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Elmer Nelson, Milford, Mass.; William B. Fischel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Claude S. Ramsey, Raleigh, N. C.; Glenn H. Campbell, Cleveland, O.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Director, Edward M. Stevenson; Associate Editor, John J. Noll.

Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October, 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.25.

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

FIRST IN QUALITY · FIRST IN REPUTATION · FIRST IN POPULARITY*

OLD GRAND- DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

100 PROOF

OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

*AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES

Copyright 1941, National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

To Consecrate AND Sanctify OUR Comradeship...

Tenth of a series on the principles
contained in the Preamble to the
Constitution of The American Legion

“TO CONSECRATE and sanctify our comradeship
by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.”

This is the last of the several purposes for the
formation of The American Legion, as outlined in
the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution.

The last of the purposes named, but by no means the
least of them.

It is notable that this “devotion to mutual helpfulness”
is not confined to helping other Legionnaires alone.

A Legionnaire knows that what helps his neighbor, his
community or his nation also helps the members of the
Legion.

A FARMER member of a small Post, after having
labored through spring and summer, is so badly in-
jured in a farm accident that he cannot harvest his crops,
nor can he afford to hire help to do it. The whole fruit of
his year's work is about to be lost—and with it the money
his family needs for the long winter ahead. His comrades
of his Legion Post, however, stage a rally on his farm, and
the sick buddy's crops are put up.

In a city, some distance from this farm, there is a high
traffic-accident rate. Children playing in the streets are
paying the toll with injuries, pain and death. But the mem-
bers of a Legion Post decide that something can be done
about it. They find a vacant lot in the area. It is over-
grown with weeds and littered with debris. Muscle-power
and such tools as can be rounded up are put to work. Weeds
are cut; tin cans, old bricks and litter are hauled away.
Two or three benefit parties and much amateur carpenter
work provide see-saws, slides and swings. Soon, a very
fair sort of recreation field is available for the children,
and the accident rate goes down.

“Devotion to mutual helpfulness” means more than get-
ting a sick comrade into a hospital. This comradeship is
being sanctified, in many communities, by the organization
of blood donor squads of Legionnaires. Their services are
available to any person, veteran or non-veteran, to whom
a transfusion will mean a chance for regaining health.

In one great mid-western city, opening of school was
delayed in the fall of 1939 because of an epidemic of
infantile paralysis. The fight against the “polio” plague
was handicapped because there was not one child's-size
respirator in the city. When they learned of this, the Legion
Posts in that city told the Children's Hospital to install
an iron lung—and the Legion would pay for it. This was
done, and several lives have been saved.

The Posts in one rural county combined to purchase an
ambulance, completely equipped, and turned it over to
the sheriff's office—where reports of highway accidents
are first received. No one will (Continued on page 43)

By JACK R. C. CANN



How many "\$5,000 cars" can you name today?

NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO, every community had its families who paid four, five, or six thousand dollars for their motor cars.

Some of the makers of those cars are still in business today, and making finer cars now than they have ever made. But their highest-priced cars today sell far below those prices of a few years ago.

The cost of quality in motor cars

has come down a long way. We take occasion to point that out because we at Ford have probably done more than anybody else to bring it down.

We have done it by refusing to believe that a low-priced motor car has to be inferior to a high-priced one in the quality of its design, construction, or materials.

Out of this conviction up to now have come nearly 29 million Ford

cars—each of them a finer car than it had to be in terms of any standards for its price when it was made.

Out of this conviction, it has become possible for the low-price car buyer to have the type of engine that only the most expensive cars had before.

Through 38 years we have earned for the Ford its title of Quality Car of the Low-Price Field. And we shall keep on earning it from here.



Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big 1941 Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

**GET THE FACTS AND
YOU'LL GET A FORD!**



Here they come!

By

RICHARD
SEELYE
JONES



Report!

Establishment and Manning of 100,000
Observation Posts for the Army's Aircraft
Warning Service Is the Legion's Job

YOU are on duty as Observer at Post 32-E, State of X, County of Z. The United States is at war, and the danger of invasion or enemy air raiders is ever present. None the less you are a little bit tired of observing—four hours a day—when for days there has been nothing to observe.

And then—can it be?—yes—“Hey, Bill,” you call to your partner on the Post.

You point to the northwest, over that low hill, just left of that clump of trees, and both of you count—one, two, three—up to six.

And you run—do not walk—the few steps to the telephone.

“Army-Flash, West 689 W.”

In the few seconds you wait for the response, you glance again at your orientation card, and then at your flash message form, rehearsing the phrases you have already learned by heart. The response comes:

“Army. Go ahead, please.”

“Six bimotors seen high—32-E—NW—four S.”

“Army check. Thank you.”

And you hang up and look at Bill, who is standing over you. You wonder if you did it right, if you spoke clearly, distinctly, accurately. You run out to look again. There they are, closer, due to pass to west of your post if they do not change course. You were right. And you wonder what is happening somewhere as a result of your message. It was all so quick, and yet you had planned it so often, stood so many practice watches, and then, since war was declared, so many service watches. And now it has happened, in a few seconds, and you have got to stay right here until your watch is up and wonder if you really did it right, and really started something.

The woman who lives upstairs over the cross-roads store where your 'phone is located comes down.

“Do you men know anything about a radio,” she asks. “Mine has gone dead

all of a sudden. And right in the middle of the war news too. I can't seem to get any station at all.”

On any other day you or Bill would have been glad to help her out. She has made many a pot of coffee and pitcher of lemonade for the observers on 32-E. But in the same breath you both say, “Sorry, planes in sight. Can't leave now.”

And then you remember having heard that Aircraft Warning Service can turn off all broadcasts, turn off all electric lights, and do lots of other things very suddenly. Maybe you *started* something.

Your flash message, which cut several telephone conversations off instantly as it went through to Filter Center of the Air Defense Command, was checked and plotted in a few seconds at Filter Center, correlated with messages which had come from other Observation Posts, and then these things began to happen:

Word went from Filter Center to Information Center, one of twenty-five in the United States, the post of command

of an Air Defense Region. From two different fields, pursuit planes took off. Near a large city a balloon barrage rose. At several points, anti-aircraft battery crews jumped to alert. In several broadcasting stations a switch was thrown and programs went instantly off the air.

Meanwhile a wholly different network of organized defense facilities went into action, the Air Raid Precautionary Services. You are part of Aircraft Warning Service, AWS. The Army runs AWS, under the Air Defense Command. But it also passes the word to Air Raid Precaution, which it does not run. That is organized by cities or States or other areas, and has the job of warning the civil population, the factories, the transportation lines, the first aid squads, and many other factors of the whole civil defense set-up. Nevertheless it all hinges on AWS, and that hinges on your Observation Post, and a hundred thousand others just like it.

So, based on your flash message, cities and towns and rural areas begin to get flashes, "Somerset yellow," "Wakefield blue," "Bigtown red." Over an area of maybe several counties, maybe several States, many things are happening. Traffic on certain roads is closed, re-routed. Key men in certain factories are

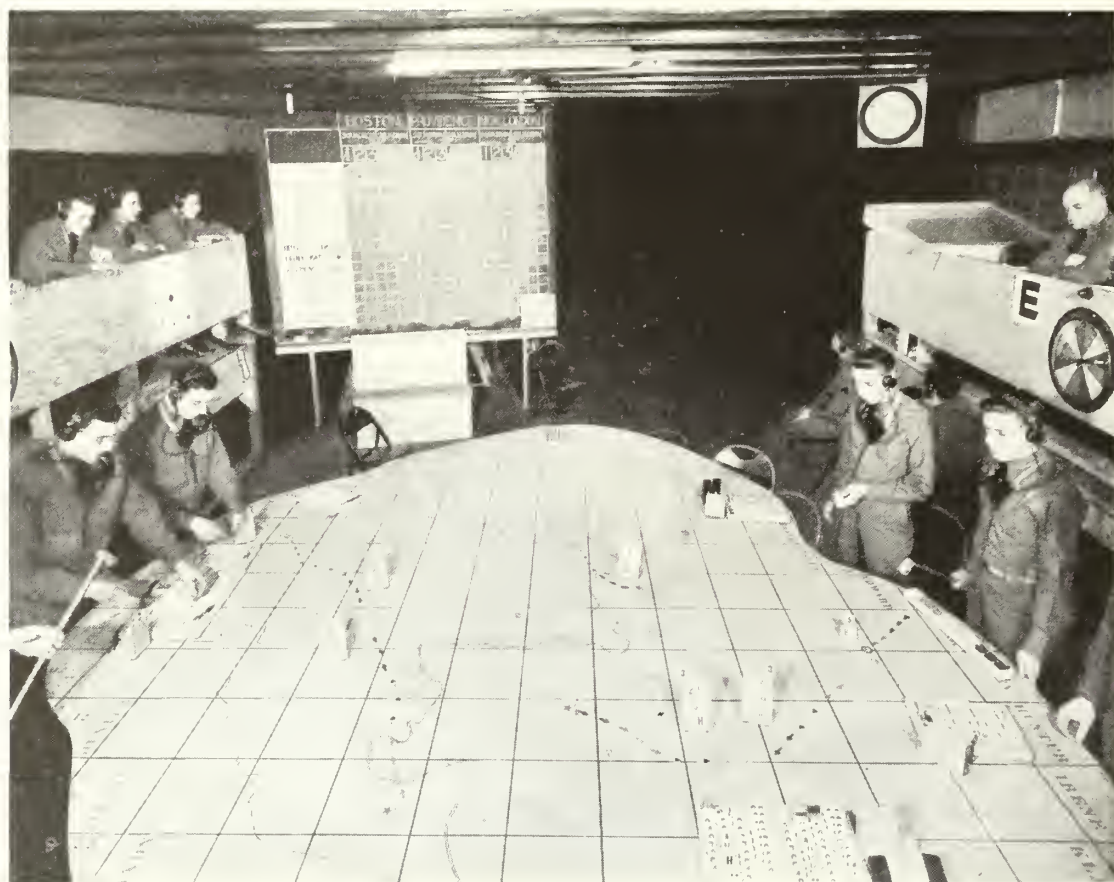
given the first "yellow" warning. Production is not stopped—yet. The whole factory personnel can be got underground in ninety seconds after "red," but first steps regarding power, lights, fires, slow processes which cannot be quickly stopped without spoiling, may necessarily be taken on "yellow," and others on "blue," the intermediate warning.

Teachers at a hundred schools delay

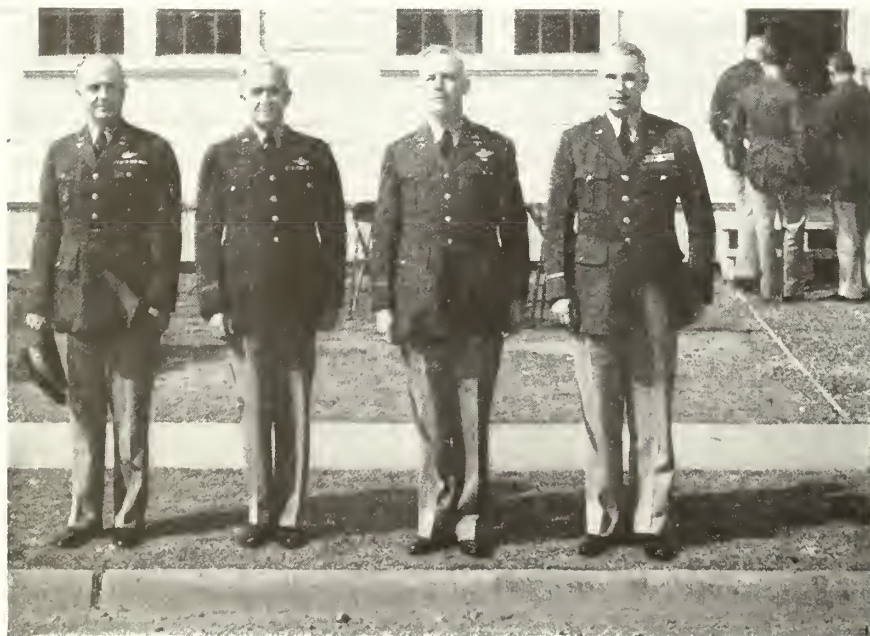
the recess bell so that the children will be in hand close to safety spots and not scattered on grounds or streets. All sorts of activity changes, over an area ranging more than a hundred miles from your post, while at the nearest town the definite "red" warning may have sent the whole population underground. And from the armed forces come the fighting action, anti-aircraft fire, air combats. Somewhere bombs fall, somewhere planes crash in flames. Somewhere the enemy turns and flees for safety.

And what have you accomplished, out on Observation Post 32-E? It is quite possible that you have saved many thousands of lives, or turned the scales that won a battle. Maybe so, maybe not. But, you may remember:

Heads of the four Air Force Areas into which the United States is divided: Major General John F. Curry, Second Air Force, Fort Wright, Spokane, Washington; Major General Barton K. Yount, Third Air Force, Tampa, Florida; Major General Jacob B. Fickel, Fourth Air Force, Riverside, California; Major General James E. Chaney, First Air Force, Mitchel Field, Long Island, New York. Under each of these is a bomber brigadier general and an interceptor brigadier general



The plotting board at headquarters which shows the progress of enemy planes. The arrows, denoting the course of the hostile aircraft, give the data phoned in by the Aircraft Warning Service's Legion-manned Observation Posts



For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,
 For want of a shoe, the horse was lost,
 For want of a horse, the rider was lost,
 For want of a rider, the battle was lost,
 For want of a battle, the kingdom
 was lost.

And in America's plan of defense, the Observer at his post in Aircraft Warning Service is the nail. If the emergency comes and touches at his post, the entire nation-wide air defense plan hinges upon him. That is why The American Legion has had a leading role in the staging of Aircraft Warning tests in major army maneuvers during the past year. The background of patriotism and discipline of the Legion makes it the logical reservoir for dependable manpower. These World War veterans have long been on the Army's preferred list for the job of civilian Aircraft Warning.

To understand how the dramatic moment for Observation Post 32-E could arise, and may arise if the United States is attacked, we must go back five or six years to the time when two or three officers of the Army Air Corps began to study a plan for an Aircraft Warning Service.

One of the early experiments they conducted was that made under the supervision of Brigadier General William Bryden, commanding Fort Bragg in North Carolina, in October, 1938. So well did the North Carolina Legionnaires do their job in manning 307 Observation Posts scattered throughout the State and reporting on planes flying over those Posts that the Legion came definitely into the picture when further trials of what has now come to be AWS were made. Some of these trials, made in various localities, worked pretty well, others not so well.

Came January, 1941, and with most of the small mistakes corrected, a large trial was held in the Boston-New York area, a trial which worked remarkably well. Major General James E. Chaney, commander of the First Air Force, reported of that test: "Without The American Legion this plan could not have been carried out. . . . Legionnaires proved that their organization . . . is active, has a sense of discipline and a direct channel of command, which produces organized operation in the field. The Air Defense Command has found the coöperating organization it has been looking for."

With that trial completed the Air De-

fense Command knew that it had the answer—a system that would work. Up to that time, however, the GHQ Air Force had no authority to extend the system and organize the nation. The American Legion was ready and willing to do its part, but it received no request, no green light to go ahead. National Commander Milo J. Warner headed a mission to England to study home defense operations there under actual war

million patriots who would look to him for direction.

To the call which would come from the Government for this service or that service, Commander Warner wanted to say to the Legion: "Your own mission went to England to see how this works. It does work, it is working, and it will work in the United States on such and such a basis. On the basis both of the Government's studies and knowledge and wish, and the Legion's own studies and knowledge and desire to serve, I can say to you, 'Go Ahead.'"

It is entirely logical that Legion Departments and Posts, which clicked all along the line during the past half year in the contribution of personnel, leadership and sound operation to national defense problems, should be the particular groups which will shoulder most of the responsibility in the production of an effective Aircraft Warning Service—building up a beneficial relationship between State and Local Defense

Councils and the Legion organization.

Early in April came word Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons had summoned to Mitchel Field, N. Y., his four Interceptor Commanders for instruction, that on April 17th the War Department would announce that GHQ Air Force had been given the task of air defense of the United States and was ready to organize a network of Aircraft Warning Service by volunteers, and that The American Legion was to be asked to organize the volunteers for observation post duty, and to set up the Observation Posts.

With detailed instructions still lacking, Commander Warner immediately wired to every Department Commander advising him what was coming. Immediately he sent to the (Continued on page 44)



Another plotting board at Headquarters concerns itself with the dispatch of interceptor planes to meet the hostile force. Below, the pilots go out to meet the enemy. The entire structure of interception depends on intelligent reports from the Observation Posts

conditions. This study was not made because the Army did not already know what was happening in England and elsewhere. It did know.

But Warner wanted the Legion, which could and probably would be asked to supply hundreds of thousands of volunteers for defense tasks, to have seen for itself. He wanted to offer effective and understanding leadership to more than a



He had gained another chance for the two boys



COMING from morning brilliance into the chalky-dusty dimness of the school corridor, Henry Allan tripped over something on the floor. He caught himself, adjusted the clip of his glasses on a bony nose and saw that the obstacle was one of a dozen or so suitcases deposited along the tiled wall either side of the door to which was tacked a cardboard sign, Local Draft Board No. 27.

Allan glanced up the passage toward his own office. Some obscure impulse turned him to this nearer door and, thin cheeks sucked in, he pulled it open.

The body-warmed, odorous atmosphere of a crowded room met him, and a buzz of low talk that held an undertone of excitement. A line of scarred desks kept the farther quarter of the room clear. Beyond them three older men huddled in absorbed conference over a sheaf of official-looking papers, but the faces that had turned to Allan were all young, some grinning nervously, some sober, about the mouths of one or two the lines of unacknowledged strain.

Twenty-four years ago he had himself stood in just such a room, no longer

Teamwork

By ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT

a civilian but not yet a soldier, and so he knew the answer to the question that showed so plainly in these faces. "What now? What lies ahead for us?"

Homesickness first, he could tell them. Life suddenly harsh, almost inimical in rigid routine. Injustice sometimes. Bone-racking fatigue. The wind of the open spaces cleansing lungs of the city's dust and smoke, blood tingling in bodies alive as they never had been. Muscles, brains, learning new skills and glorying in them. Comradeship, deep, voiceless, in a fellowship of men.

The exaltation of serving an ideal, of serving one's country.

He'd known all this, would know it again soon—"Hello, Mr. Allan!" A tall youth had moved to him through the press, was thrusting a big, brown hand at him. "Swell of you to come and see us off."

Allan took the hand, peered up into the blunt-jawed, smiling countenance. "Not at all." Bright blue eyes and dark-brown, rumpled hair made an odd contrast, vaguely familiar.

"You don't remember who I am, do you?"

Remember him? One of his old pupils, of course, but how remember one out of the thousands who'd passed before him. "What makes you think I don't remember?"

The lad would be disappointed. "You were in my 8B class." That was a safe guess, he was about twenty-one or two, and eight years ago Allan had been teaching graduating classes for five. "You sat—" He pointed toward the rear of an imagined classroom, where a tall boy naturally would be seated. "You sat just about there."

"Right as rain!" The pleased glow that came into those blue eyes was ample recompense for the small deception. "In the last double desk with Johnny Foster."

"And you are William Grant." All the details of that term sprang into vivid recollection about the darkly handsome figure of John Foster. "That was my last official class before they made me assistant principal." Of all the boys he'd taught, Allan speculated most often about this one's fortunes. "You wouldn't happen to know what's become of young Foster, would you?"

"No, Mr. Allan. They moved out of the neighborhood and I lost track of

him. Johnny was some guy, wasn't he?" Grant chuckled reminiscently. "Always in some jam or other. Remember the mess he got the two of us into that time he had the bright idea of our dropping effervescent soda tablets into all the inkwells on the top floor and they overflowed all over everybody's clothes and books?"

"Yes, Yes, indeed. That was quite an exploit."

"I'll never forget the way you went to bat for us when Dr. Ingraham wanted to expel us."

"It was easy enough to get *you* off, Grant, on the plea that you'd been influenced by a stronger character. Your previous record was good and you were properly contrite. But Foster was a very different matter. . . ."

John Foster's record card was a black page of misdeeds, from 1A through to

8B. George Ingraham had tapped it with a stiff forefinger and said, in his dry, sexless voice, "The boy's been sent down to me four times as often as any other I can remember, and no punishment has ever had any effect on him except to elicit sullen defiance. Foster was already vicious, Allan, when he first came to us at the age of six."

"He couldn't have been." Allan had reached out an appealing hand to the man he was to succeed in a few months. "No child of six, or of sixteen, is really vicious. There must be some unfortunate situation in his home background that explains his persistent defiance of our authority. Perhaps a purely subconscious protest—"

"That," Ingraham broke in, "is the sort of soft-headed sentimentalism misnamed psychology that is ruining our schools. I have not and, so long as I am still in a position to prevent it, will not permit it to ruin this one. Every boy in the building knows of Foster's latest crime, and unless they know also that he has been promptly and rigorously punished for it there will be no controlling them. Which, my friend, since the discipline of the school is so shortly to become your concern, should be of some interest to you."

"My interest at the moment is in helping Foster to learn how to live as a useful member of society. Your methods have succeeded only in building up in him an antagonism to all au-



A workworn woman, with Miss Corbin close behind her, came in as he put down the clipping



Illustrations by
RAYMOND SISLEY

thority and if you climax this by expelling him, you will be sending him out into the world a potential criminal. You must not do this thing. You have no right to."

"I have no right to do anything else, in justice to my conscience," Ingraham had risen in token that the discussion was at an end. "I shall recommend that John Foster be expelled. . . ."

"BOY, oh boy, was I scared sitting on the mourners' bench up the hall here!" William Grant also was recalling that afternoon eight years ago, "waiting for you to come out of the office with old Ingraham's verdict. Johnny was pretty white around the gills too, but otherwise he didn't seem a bit fazed. If he got kicked out, he told me, he was all set with a (Continued on page 48)

JAPAN'S eventual role in the expanding world conflict may prove decisive, in view of her recently signed neutrality pact with Russia. Sitting astride the sea lanes across which numerous raw materials vital to our national defense must travel—rubber, tin, quinine, hemp—a hostile Nippon might be able to sock us in a solar sector. At the least she could immobilize our main fleet in the Pacific indefinitely, and the second one will not be finished until 1946. In the event the United States becomes em-

broiled "in other regions," as War Secretary Stimson suggests, such a situation would be most unpleasant indeed.

Predictions in these turbulent times are hazardous undertakings. But, despite the seeming success of Matsuoka in safeguarding Japan's rear from the bite of the Russian Bear, our leading naval, diplomatic and economic experts still believe that Japan has no stomach for an all-out war with the United States. This

forecast, of course, may be tempered by the swirl of world events and by the noted Samurai philosophy of fatalism and opportunism in the conduct of foreign affairs. Only time will tell.

Tokyo trusts nobody. She will gamble on Hitler only if he looms as final victor in Western Europe. She places only paper faith in the treaty which she has negotiated with her natural enemies—the Russians. She will, in the last analysis, fix her long-range course on the basis of American policy, or what she thinks it will be when and if she stages a sortie against the Dutch East Indies, Singapore and all the vast treasure islands in this area. The Japs have a deep respect for Uncle Sam's might when the old gentleman becomes aroused.

UNCLE SAM'S VERY EFFICIENT NAVY IS
READY TO CALL NIPPON'S BLUFF



Our diplomats entertain no illusions about future Japanese policy. If their leaders dreamed that they could seize these rich possessions without a major risk, their fleet would be steaming southward now. But they know—or suspect—that such an audacious move would provoke open war with this country. Washington will not admit it, but the gentlemen at Toyko are probably right in these calculations.

For several reasons of state the United States cannot—and will not—acquiesce in Japan's physical domination of this territory. Although every cargo ship that can be spared has been pressed into shipment of "critical materials" from this region to the United States in anticipation of an overnight emergency, we could not be self-sufficient in war if a foreign and antagonistic power controlled these islands or blocked these trade routes. That is our primary, our selfish, our nationalistic consideration.

Another involves President Roosevelt's determination that Britain shall not be defeated, or, to phrase it differently, that

Fighter Squadron Six attached to the
Aircraft Carrier, U. S. S. Enterprise

JAP

Der Fuehrer shall not win. Pending actual invasion of England, Hitler has fallen back upon alternative strategy. He aims to make the Mediterranean his sea by overrunning Africa, by closing the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and by shutting the gates at Gibraltar. Thus he would sever the British lifeline to her African, Near Eastern and Indian storehouses, and those are essential to British survival in war or peace. It is estimated that every fifth Englishman is dependent, in one form or another, on supplies of stuffs from India. If successful in this grand campaign, Hitler would take over the oil, food, cotton and minerals now flowing thence to London.

Japan's coöperation in the Singapore sector would become necessary to final success of this scheme. For if England retained a route to India, although circuitous, through the Panama Canal and the Malaysian Straits, she could still live and fight on with American aid. Thus it may become Tokyo's assignment, under Nazi pressure, to try to close off this avenue. And that, without a doubt, is where we would go in with guns roaring.

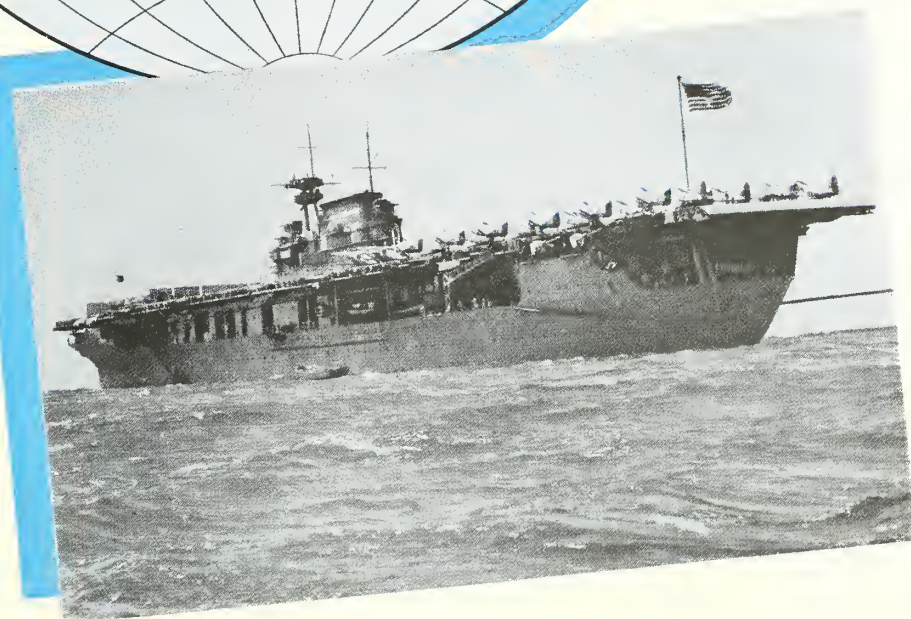
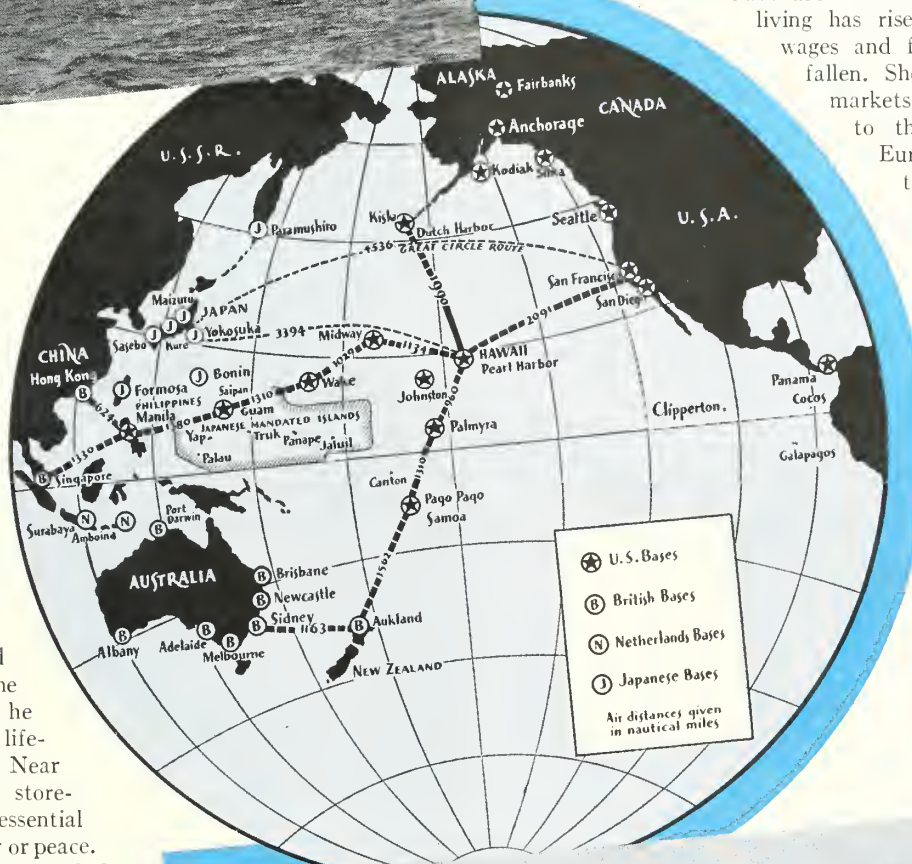
But Washington believes that, for the moment at least, Japan will content herself with economic, financial and commercial penetration of the Indo-China territory she has recently gobbled. She will also inaugurate infiltration of tradesmen and "tourists," each carrying a camera, into the Dutch East Indies and

Singapore area, as she has intrigued in the Philippines and Hawaii.

If only for domestic reasons, Japan will think twice about tackling Uncle Sam at this time. She is economically exhausted from the strain which the still unfinished China War has imposed upon her resources. She suffers from acute shortages of materials necessary for either peacetime or war-time economy, partially due to our refusal to ship her the things she needs.

Industrial production and efficiency have declined steadily. The cost of living has risen fearfully, while wages and farm income have fallen. She has lost foreign markets for her textiles, due to the spread of the European War. Money to finance the gov-

(Cont. on pg. 59)



The Enterprise, and at top of page, the U. S. S. Idaho. The map shows graphically the present situation in the Pacific

By
RAY TUCKER

"Sailor, before my membership campaign is over you'll wish you were back in the Navy"

Illustrated by HERBERT M. STOOPS



Quota

COMRADE Jason Winters hadn't been back in town an hour when the telephone at his home had rung and Post Commander Charlie Stevens was saying hello. The Commander casually said that he was glad Comrade Winters was back, and hoped he'd be coming to the Post meeting that evening; there were one or two important things to be discussed.

"Such as what?" asked Comrade Winters.

"Such as membership . . . and the committee," said the Commander.

Comrade Winters gave a gay little laugh that was at wide variance to the suspicion that shot through him, and he said, "Ah, yes. I suppose that our committee chairman, good old Al Offenbach, is going to report a full quota and I'll have to buy the case of beer I promised him?"

"Well, not quite that, Comrade. You see, Al is a major in the Army Reserve Corps, and he's been called to active duty starting today. You're the membership committee vice-chairman, and so—"

"So you want me to break the good news to the Post?"

Commander Stevens paused and took a deep breath, according to Comrade Winters' acute ear. "No, it's not just that way. But when you get here we'll have a talk. Glad you're back . . ."

Winters hung up the phone and sat

there a moment in his study, bushy eyebrows lowered and gray eyes glaring out beneath them. He reached into a box of cigars that were mild in color but were anything but mild in strength, and sank his teeth into one. Firing it into life, he said, "I've got a hunch that the membership campaign has bogged down since I've been away, and that I'm to be the human tractor to pull it out. Hmmm. Well, I'm not going to do it alone, my good Commander, not with five other able-bodied comrades on that committee!"

"So much for the frailty of man-made statements."

When the Post meeting had got well under way, Commander Stevens carefully readjusted his cap and said, as if he wanted to get something over with, "Comrades, I'd like to speak a word about the membership campaign. As you've heard, Comrade Offenbach, the membership committee chairman, has been called to active duty in the artil-

lery. He left his membership drive data with me, and," he glanced around the hall, "it seems that we're quite a bit shy of our quota of a hundred and ten members. In fact, we lack thirty-nine members, and only today I got a telephone call from the district membership chairman calling the fact to my attention."

The Post members stirred uneasily. Murmurs arose here and there, and among them the words of Comrade Bill Dozier, ex-sailor, who confided to his neighbor that the quota was too damned high, anyhow.

Commander Stevens went on, "Remember that we're all supposed to help get our membership quota, and if the committee gives each of you the names of men to interview, you will please get busy. I want the committee to meet downstairs right after the Post meeting is over."

Later, when the first round of beer had been poured for the six men who sat at the committee table in the club house dugout, Commander Stevens said, "Gents, the District Commander gave me hell today over the phone about our membership situation, or rather his membership guy did. We're the lowest Post in the region, and we've got only two weeks to get our quota. Our next meeting night is the deadline. I'm not blaming anybody, but we've got to get off the seats of our pants and do something." He lit a cigarette. "I'm ready for suggestions."

Apparently everybody else was, too. Comrade Dozier finally pushed back his cap on his bald dome of a head, glanced at Winters, and said, "Let's hear from

By
**WINSOR
JOSSELYN**

our vice-chairman—I mean our new chairman.” Except for the gleam in his dark eyes, the look seemed entirely casual.

“Why, thank you, Comrade Dozier,” said Winters, one-time captain of trench mortars, “that’s real generous of you, just like the Greeks bearing gifts, or whoever it was. But the Navy always was generous to the Army. Gave us boat rides, gave us money in crap games, if we used our own dice—”

“Let’s talk membership,” broke in Stevens, who knew that when these two

“I’m all for it,” said Winters, adding a lungful of cigar smoke to the air.

“Provided that you can take your first pick of the prospects,” added Dozier.

“Is that so? Listen—you pick yours right now, and everybody else do the same, and I’ll still beat you across the line.”

“There’s patriotism!” said Dozier. “No wonder the trench mortars won the war. And I suppose you’ll take all those halfmen, too. That makes six times one half—three more for you.”

“Certainly!” snapped Winters, his lean shoulders squaring themselves under a tweed coat.

“H’ray!” boomed Sailor Dozier. “Why not be a man about it and take all thirty-nine?”

“As chairman of this committee I’ll just about have to.”

Commander Stevens interposed, “Oh, I wouldn’t say that, Winters. Not with all of us willing to do our parts, although I admit that any committee chairman does take a beating.” He beckoned to Comrade Barkeep Eddie for quick service on another round of beer.

Comrade Winters glared through a fresh cloud of cigar smoke and said, “If anybody wants to make a little bet that I couldn’t take the whole thirty-nine and get ‘em . . .” He glanced around the table.

“Oh, boy!” said Dozier to Doc Reiners, who sat next him. “Ain’t we lucky to have such a swell chairman?” He took half his beer at a gulp and

pounded a hairy, truck-driving hand on the table. “Comrade Reiners, do you suppose our chairman is really serious about a bet?”

“Plenty,” snapped Winters. “If you want to make a bet of it, I’ll cover anything you name. Put up or shut up!”

“How about fifty cents?” suggested Comrade Dozier.

“Cents or dollars. Or five hundred cents or dollars.”

Commander Stevens, in the middle of a pull at his stein, stopped swallowing so suddenly that he got hiccoughs. “Hey! Listen, you boys, be reasonable.” He had seen too many bets work hardships among Post members, and he knew that Comrade Dozier would hock his last truck to match any figure that Winters, whose wallet was upholstered with spending paper, might name.

Momentarily silence held around the table, and the other committeemen stared absorbedly at the green cloth of the table top. In that silence, Comrade Winters heard a little warning bell in the back of his mind, a bell that sounded when the going got thick. Not that he always listened to the bell. . . . His eyes narrowed as he held them on Dozier, who was blandly swirling the beer in his stein.

Then Winters was saying, “You’re right about money bets, Commander. But I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I will agree to take over this whole membership campaign if”—and he looked each of the other members in the eye—“if the Sailor will be chairman of next year’s membership drive.”

So relieved was Sailor Dozier that he wouldn’t have to mortgage his rolling stock to meet any fantastic bet the unpredictable Winters (*Cont. on page 52*)



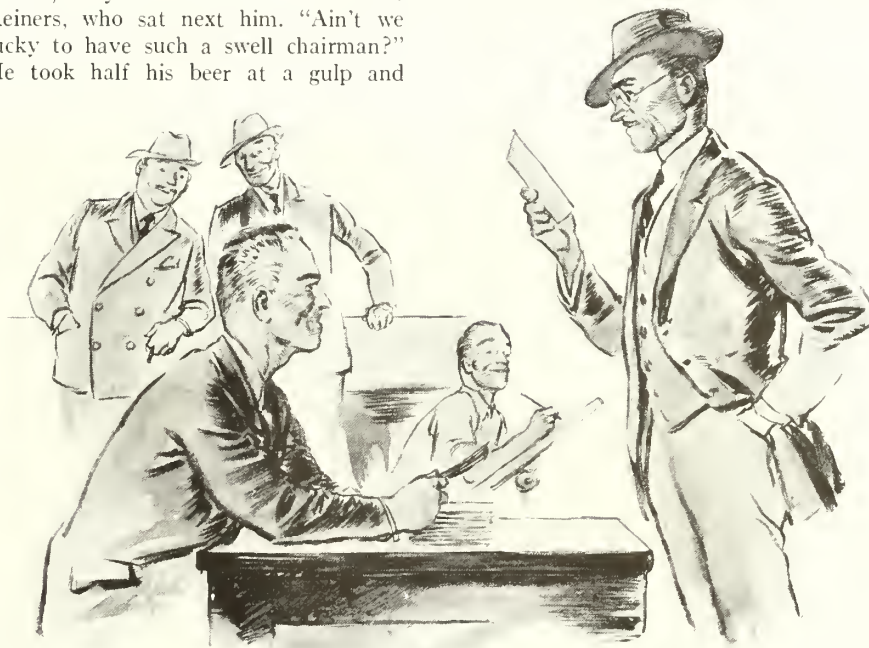
Neat little cards telling all about certain Legionnaires

comrades renewed the amiable feud that had been going on since they helped to organize the Post two decades ago, they would wander far from the subject at hand. “Now, let’s see,” he went on briskly. “Without counting on the help of the rest of the members, we can ration out among ourselves the thirty-nine members that we lack, which makes six and a half members apiece we must get.”

This stirred Dozier to rumble, “We already got enough members that are only half here.”

“Speaking for yourself?” asked Winters, looking at him over the top of his beer stein.

Commander Stevens hastened on, “Look, here’s the list of delinquent members, and here’s the list of prospective members in this vicinity.” He displayed the lists as if trying to hold the interest of kindergarten pupils on a spring morning. “Here are dozens of swell old and new names to go after. We ought to be able to polish this thing off in no time, and then when I go to a district meeting maybe I won’t still be quarantined at the bottom of the table for our bum showing.”



“Winters,” said Horace, “you’re going to get yourself into a lot of trouble this way!”

BATTLE



BY PAUL SCHUBERT

TEAMWORK IS THE KEYNOTE OF THE FUNCTIONING OF A U. S. NAVY FIRST LINE SHIP, THE GREATEST OFFENSIVE ENGINE UNDER THE SUN

AT two bells of the first dog the officer-of-the-deck calls a running-boat alongside. The Jimmy-legs takes a turn below decks to pry reluctant ladies out of casemates where radios still blare jive and jitter-bug gobs wave a wicked bell-bottom.

"All visitors clear the ship!"

The dreadnought resumes her private life—strange, hard seafaring life that people of the land never see.

Tomorrow she'll be far offshore, out on the target range making eighteen knots. Bugle and alarm-gongs will call all hands to battle stations with the gunnery trophy at stake. Turrets will train out, guns rear high at maximum elevation, set for the first salvo of a long-range battle practice.

Brump—a full main-battery broadside, stabs of fire from each gun, a belch of smoke almost hiding her. Eight tons of shells roar away, rumbling like a fast freight—

Target practice, of course, is drama unadulterated. But tonight, while she's still at anchor, there are other, equally fascinating moments of battleship life never seen by shore-dwellers.

The mid-watch, for instance—the hours between midnight and 4.00 A. M., when the long decks are lit by dim blue battle-lanterns, silent except for the hum of ventilation blowers, the throb of a pump somewhere deep in the ship, and the reassuring noise of men asleep. Everywhere the breathing, punctuated by rasping snores, of hundreds of sailors. Men, men, men—

Day or night, the outstanding feature of a battleship is her huge crew. "Battleship" means ship-of-the-line-of-battle. It's the largest, heaviest type of naval vessel—35,000 tons is the usual size today, with 45,000-tonners under construction. Fourteen hundred gobs live aboard a dreadnought, set apart from an equal number of casually chosen humans because they are a team trained and willing to act together. Somehow they are conscious of a responsibility to go on acting together even if the price is death. They don't talk about that, and neither will we, except to state it as fact.

Walking through the ship at night, you realize what the word "ready" means. If the alarm gongs started to

ring, these sleeping decks would be transformed within seconds to organized bustle.

You realize how stupendous the ship is when you go out on deck. She looks so big in the dark. You look aloft past the mammoth silhouettes of bulky turrets, up at masts and stacks, boats nested in cradles, long muzzles of guns forming uncompromising bars against the stars. At yard-arm tips the blinker lights wink messages in code.

Out there on deck the ship never sleeps. About a quarter of the crew—one "section"—is on duty for each four-hour night watch when a battleship is at sea. When she lies at anchor the number is smaller.

The "officer of the deck" is in charge of the ship as the captain's personal representative. Navy Regulations decree that while on watch he is "senior" to everyone on board except the captain and the executive officer.



The U.S.S. North Carolina as she went into commission this spring. On opposite page, a battle wagon far at sea

Sharing the watch with him is a cross-section of the ship's company—engineers, sailors of the deck force, marine sentries, cooks, bakers and other special ratings.

"Who's gotta cuppa java?"

"Jeez, the U.S. Gov'mint gives you the privilege of standin' anchor watch on a battle wagon, an' you want java too! Some people are never satisfied."

With or without java, the hours pass, until dawn brings Reveille and starts the ship's waking day.

From the moment the bugle breaks into the chattering notes of sleep-destroying cacophony, the day is organized down to the last second.

Perhaps that's why gobs are so human—maybe screwball is a better word—in a sort of protest that takes the curse off regimentation. There was a bugler, for instance, famous through the fleet because he trained cats to sleep in hammocks. He had half a dozen cats which curled up in half a dozen miniature sailor hammocks—only a gob would think of that.

There was a boilermaker first class who made fancy embroidery—one of the toughest men afloat, but a delicate hand with a needle.

"Better not let him hear you say needlework is sissy," his ship-mates advised.

"My Division," chuckled a lieutenant, "saw me start a mustache ten days ago, and now the whole darn 75 men have sprouting upper lips. To add insult to injury, when I gave the command 'Uncover' today, to inspect haircuts, I found every dome in the Division had been shaved."

His Division was a turret's crew. Other Divisions man the batteries of broadside guns, others the anti-aircraft battery and the fire-control equipment.

Signals and Navigation, Supplies and Accounts, Engines, Boilers, Electrical plant—the whole ship's company is divided into Divisions. Job-groups. It's a lot like a town, with the different trades working in cooperative companies.

The greatest difference is that sailors have no one else to scrub, tidy and do the clean-up work for them, so they are forced to do it themselves.

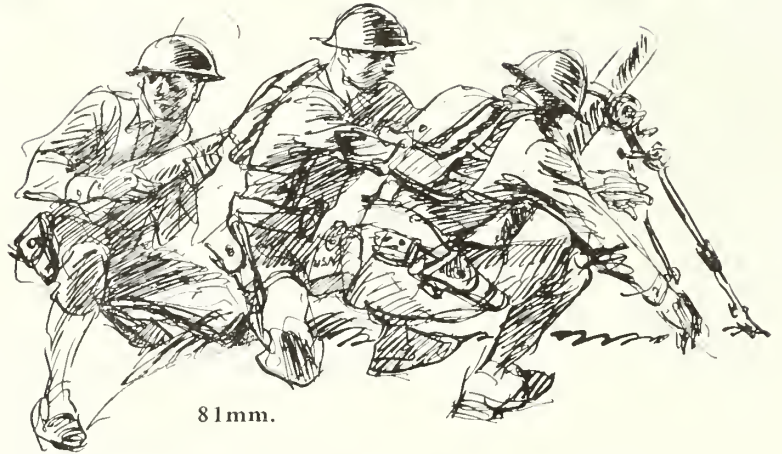
Each Division has a "part of the ship" to take care of, and a part of each day is spent in housewifery, cleaning corners, shining brasswork, scrubbing paint, wielding sand, canvas and holystones—no house ashore gets half as much attention.

The reason (Continued on page 55)

The Marines have landed...



Sergeant
Instructor



81mm.



Practice march



Rifle range



The Old-Timer—"Now, at the battle of Belleau Wood, the major says to me, he says—"

Sketched by

JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. M. C.



Dress Blues



Up from the beach



The raw material—recruits



The finished article—with Garand rifle



Liberty

Tie Score

By FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR.



"Y'oughta see me in my uniform. Maybe I can send you a picture sometime"

like I did, like I told you to do and where you belong.

Your ancestors would turn around in their graves, which every one of them was sailors like I was during the World War—I mean World War I, or World War, Part I, or whatever it was. So you have busted a tradition worse than the Third Term, because you wasn't drafted and you ain't indispensable.

And what's all this

hooley about being a General on the field of battle, which no General no more never gets nearer to than behind a tree with a pair of binoculars, a aerial mosaic and a radio. Now a Admiral is a different story, because he has got to be right in the middle of the fight on his ship because there ain't no trees on the ocean and you don't run no naval battles with fireside chats.

I am sick about what you have done. Hoping you are the same,

Your
POP

Dear Pop:

Maybe it is because I have been fed up all my life with belaying pins, down

Dear Pop:

Well, I have gone and done what you didn't want me to do—joined the Army. I hope you won't be sorry I did it after while because maybe I will become a General because lots of privates have risen from the ranks to glorious heights on the field of battle, our history books say.

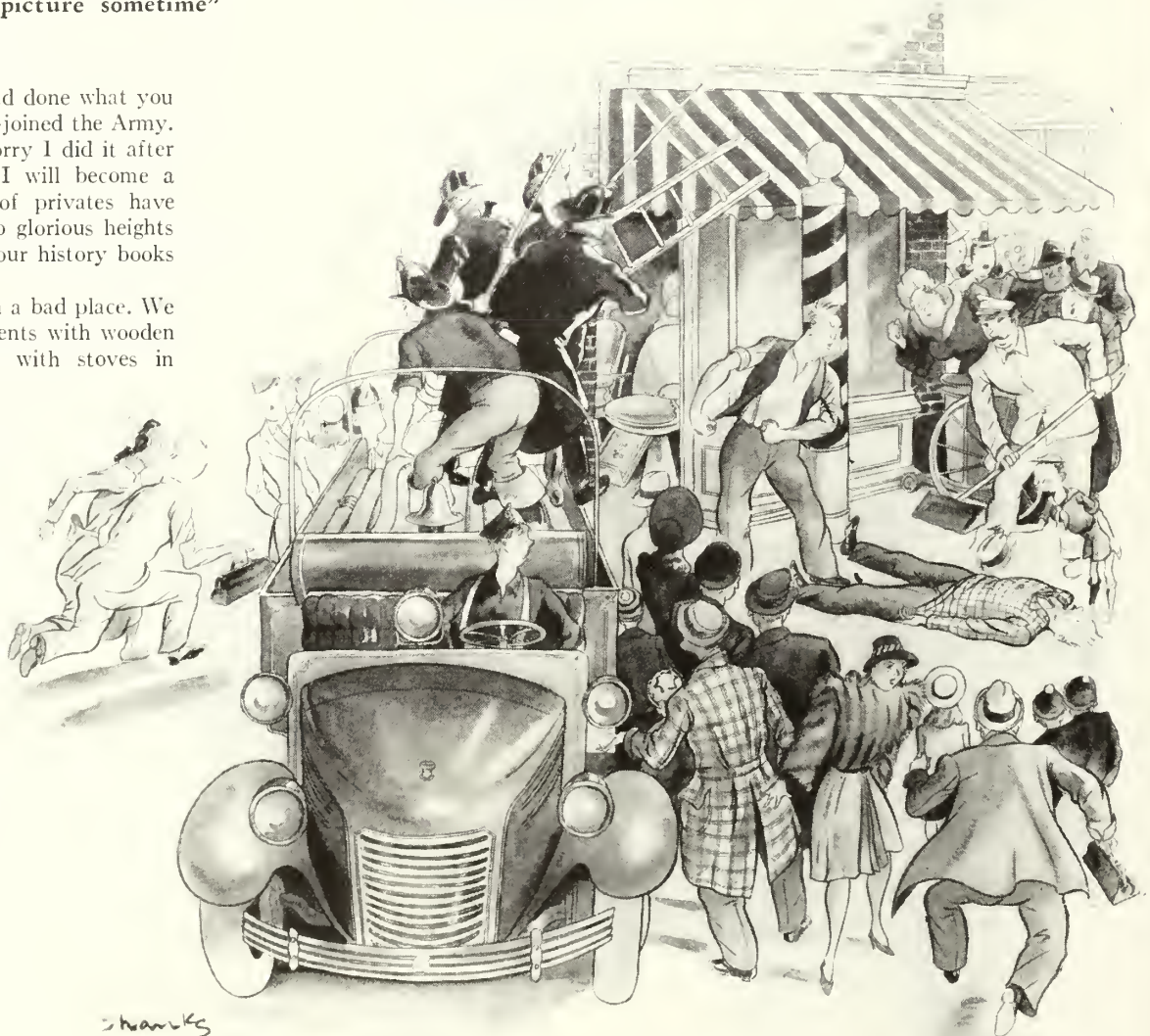
This Fort is not such a bad place. We have warm uniforms, tents with wooden floors and side walls, with stoves in them, and we eat regular if not wisely.

Tell Mom not to worry about her son, which nobody else is doing, not even himself, so she should not get out of step with the rest of the country and be an obstructionist.

Your obedient son,
JUSTIN X. GOBB, JR.

Dear Junior:

Not much I don't like your going in that Army, and it is a cinch you are very modern by calling yourself something which your actions is just the opposite. Your letter says "Your obedient son" when you know damn well if you was obedient you would of enlisted in the Navy



Illustrated by George Shanks

the hatch, Davey Jones's locker, man the pumps, boys, "You may fire when ready, Gridley," "Don't give up the ship," "The Navy took 'em over and the Navy brought 'em back." Columbia, the Jam of the Ocean, and Anchors Away, that I got sick, too, and joined the Army.

Every time I try to picture in my mind one of those ancestors you say are revolving in their graves (which according to the stories you used to tell me was mostly at the bottom of the sea where the water was always turning them over for the fish to get at the big pieces anyhow) he has got more salt on him than a peanut, walks like a duck, don't open his mouth without saying "Shiver me timbers," "Avast there, matie," or some such baloney, and smells like underneath a fish wharf at low tide.

If all of my ancestors had of been horse thieves would I have to be a horse thief, too? What?

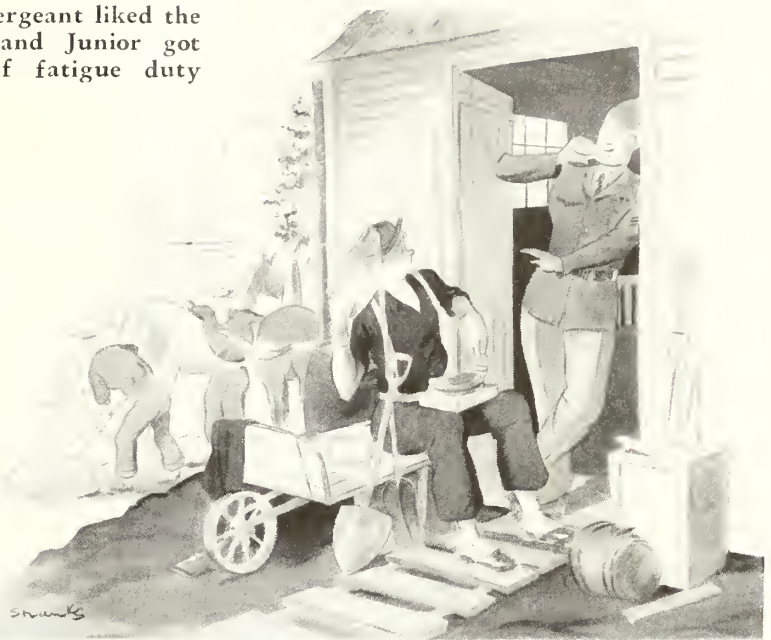
Your respectful

SON

Dear Private Gob:

It is a damn good thing I was trained in the Navy to keep my temper under control or I would tell you that I think anybody what has the asperity to com-

The sergeant liked the cake and Junior got out of fatigue duty



pare a able bodied American seaman to a horse thief is a lousy loafsome land-lubber lower than a bucket of bilge water and a dirty columnifier of our sacred heroes of the seas.

It just seems impossible that any son of mine should—well, that's what comes of having a lot of Communist teachers in our schools, which something certainly has got to be done about.

But that ain't the worst. Now your Mom is saying she guesses it is all for the best because you are safer in a Army camp than barging around on some leaky, rusty old tub which is only good enough for our Navy because it ain't for the English, bouncing around on the ocean and waiting to be blown up by a submarine or hit by one of them there dive-bombers and sunk.

Either I'm all wrong or things is a lot different than they was twenty-five years ago, and if you ask me I think the whole world's going to hell, which I don't see how I can do anything about but be ashamed of it which I am good and plenty.

Your sorrowful

POP

Dear Pop:

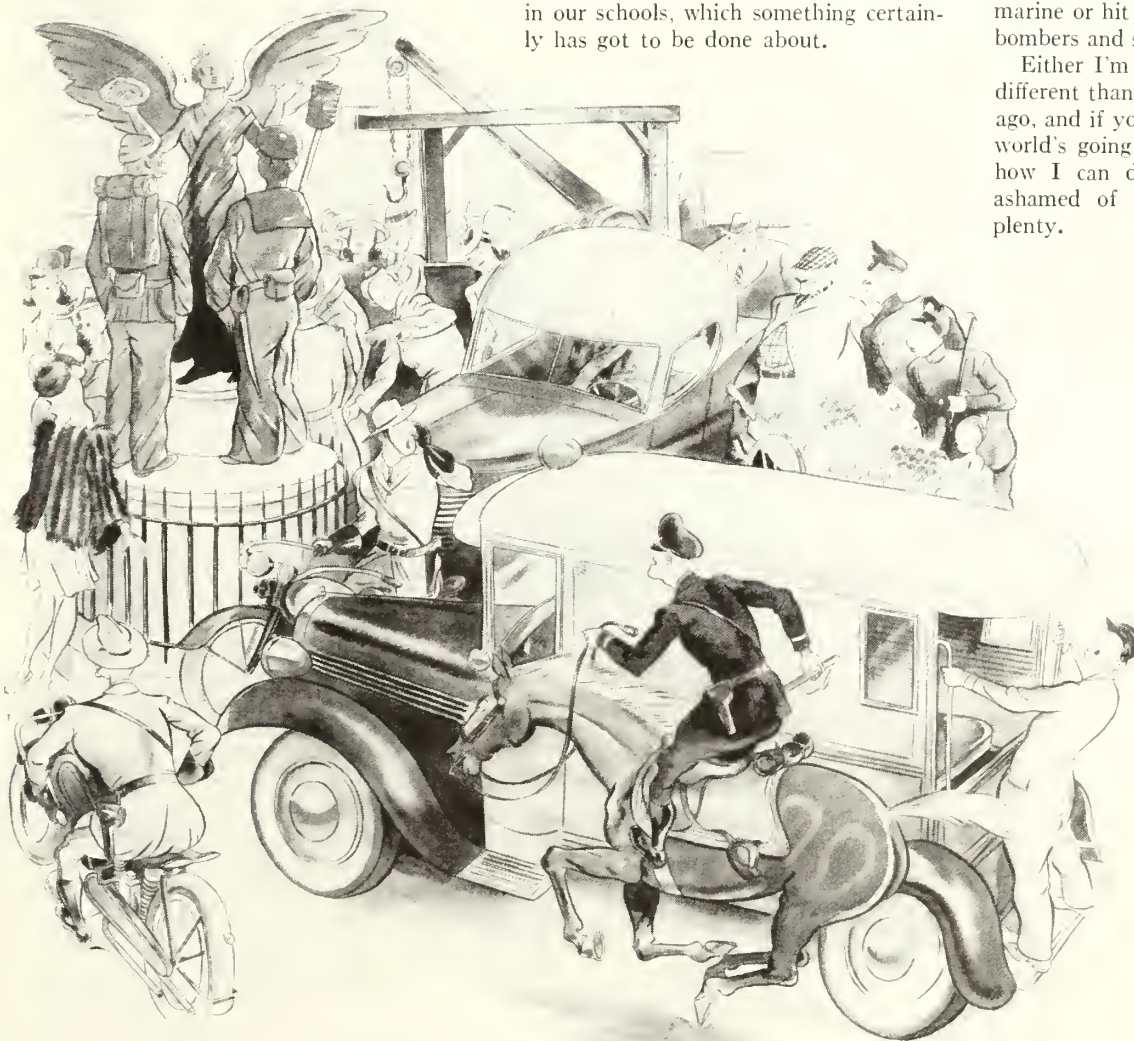
I am glad to report that I have been made a fifth class specialist and hope soon to be a first class private. It is awful slow going and I kind of get discouraged when I think how many grades I got to make before I get those stars on my shoulders. Y'oughta see me in my uniform. Maybe I can send you a picture sometime.

I am sorry about how you feel the way you expressed yourself in your last letter.

Your loving son,

JUNIOR

(Continued on
page 38)



Knocked him
out, right there
on the sidewalk



Don't try to kid the rattlesnake,
Y' treat him right, you'll get a break



ONE rainy night recently, over the air waves, I heard a commentator call a foreign statesman a rattlesnake.

A few days later while on the way to my log cabin in the Ramapos, I was almost inclined to rip out the radio in my car when a supposedly well-educated commentator indicated that the animal whom a certain other leader most resembled was a skunk.

I am sure there must be thousands of other Americans who, with me, will observe with wrathful indignation these accusations and implications. Our nation has many unique blessings. One of them is our reputation for understanding and tolerance. Our great country has not lived by bread alone. It has been sustained and nourished also by a faith in humanity. Our great Constitution openly declares among its objects to "establish justice" and "promote the general welfare." Justice, welfare and tolerance; they were revolutionary words in the history of peoples back in 1787. Yet they have helped us develop our unique and supreme social and economic progress, among the nations of the world. As Lincoln said in his first inaugural address, "This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it."

Among the little people who inhabit this country and who deserve praise instead of opprobrium are two other unique possessions of America, the rattlesnake and the skunk. These two gentlemanly and courageous denizens of the forest do not deserve to have their honorable names carelessly used by commentators over the air or by writers of the printed word in connection with any country where treachery has been made a national policy and where there is no honor or sportsmanship.

These two fellow citizens of ours, found nowhere else in the world, are entitled to our tolerance, our respect and

our pride. Their personal habits, their attitude toward life, no more resemble that of the two mad men of Europe than the glorious full moon over a forest glade resembles the pale, feeble glow of a sick lightning bug.

Let us consider first that true sportsman of the forest, the handsome, courageous, useful, even edible personality, the American rattlesnake. Our founding fathers appreciated this gentleman both in New England, the Middle West and the South. Certainly I am sure that the citizens of South Carolina will join with me in resenting the fact that this sportsman has been compared to one who strikes in the back. Before our nation was founded, the Puritans in New England and the South Carolinians both objected to the red cross of St. George. Therefore, each State adopted a flag of its own. Massachusetts chose the pine tree. South Carolina was proud to display on its flag its chosen emblem, a rattlesnake, and beneath it the inscription, "Don't Tread on Me."

A flag in any State or in any nation is a symbol of the loyalty of the people to that nation. When a flag is struck or lowered, it is a term of submission, when it is held high it leads people forward. The wise pioneers of South Carolina chose the rattlesnake because they knew

its characteristics as do all of us who love the woods.

When May comes in the Ramapos and other green hills of our country, the rattlesnake comes out on a rocky ledge to sun himself. He far prefers to be left alone than being forced to protect himself with his effective armament—his fangs and poison glands. Even that foreign publication, the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, points out that no rattlesnakes are vicious, that they try to keep out of trouble and "when overtaken or cornered, they use every means of frightening the foe by swelling up, puffing, rattling and by assuming a generally threatening attitude."

I have stood on a large gray rock on a high hill in May, close to a rattlesnake. I have seen him in the mating season, minding his own business, making no belligerent moves of any kind. I stood with my friend Bob Palmer on one such rock on a bright spring morning watching a big rattler. Every time we made a sudden movement, he would give us clear and unmistakable warning. Each time our hands were lowered and we became quiet, he would go on looking for his food, pointing out the view to his girl friend, and otherwise enjoying himself.

On another day when a logging truck came down the mountain road, a large rattlesnake which had been minding its own business by the side of the road, gave his sporting warning that he was not to be molested. The driver stopped

Defense OF

and following him into the bushes, killed him. What other animal or human is in the habit of risking his life to indicate to other people that he wants merely to be left alone?

There are eighteen species of rattlesnakes on this continent. None of them is found anywhere else in the world. Each one of these eighteen species will indicate by his rattle to a distance of from ten to twenty yards that he is ready and willing to fight if attacked but is looking for no trouble.

A careful check with insurance companies and others who are interested in rattlesnakes and snake lore generally, leads me to believe no person has ever been struck in the back by a rattlesnake, and that the only times death from his bite has occurred was when some enthusiast was collecting them for zoos or museums, or for their other admirable qualities. For the rattlesnake, in addition to being a valuable citizen, because

Yes, *Crotalus Horridus* is a good American citizen who will use his weapons for defense only and to whom treachery and dishonesty are entirely foreign.

There is no other animal comparable to him anywhere in the world save one who is also one of our most admirable fellow citizens. I refer to *Mephitis Putorius*, first discovered on this continent in 1636, the beautiful, friendly and most estimable of all our wood dwellers. While many a subdeb wears his pelt with complete confidence that she is clad in Alaskan Sable, he is best known as just plain skunk.

Only two writers, as far as I know, have ever sung the praises of that misunderstood and universally misinterpreted animal of honor, that true-penny of the woodland trails. One was H. D.



The skunk's a really decent fellow,
But don't forget, that streak ain't yellow

TWO AMERICANS

By ROY
DICKINSON

he destroys rats, mice and other small rodents, has many other useful qualities.

There is a man in Arcadia, Florida, named George K. End who, for years, has been selling canned diamond-back rattlesnakes as an exotic and delicious food. He told me that it was a historical fact that pioneers crossing the great plains in the covered wagon days "relished rattlesnake as a change from the monotony of buffalo meat so that my only claim to any pioneering in this connection is the fact that I was the first to put this delicacy into tin cans and to sell it commercially." It is his observation of the rattlesnake also that each one leads a clean and upright life and in his section eats mostly cottontail rabbits. This expert agrees also that a rattler is a fair, unusually peaceable person.



Thoreau in a letter of rugged sentences sent from Walden to a Boston man, the other, more recently, Alan Devoe whom I quote later.

Two experiences of mine, one this summer, the other forty years ago, qualify me also to speak of skunks in admiration because I know them.

A few months ago from an icebox on our porch in the woods some animal had been stealing an occasional lamb chop

or some bacon. To do this the icebox door had to be opened as a person would open it. We watched but couldn't see who the thief was. One evening I found out. It was one of those long, golden evenings found only in the woods, the kind that dies so slowly into night that the birds won't admit it and keep singing until the katy- (Continued on page 39)



Cartoons by
M. A. Phillips



DEMOCRACY *and* FAITH



A REPRODUCTION OF THIS MONTH'S COVER PAINTING BY J. W. SCHLAIKJER

THE greatest possible service that The American Legion can render to this nation today is to inculcate in the Youth of America a spirit which will jealously protect and guard the ideals of Democracy.

We must sell America, its Constitution and its Declaration of Independence so completely to our own sons and daughters that they will be real zealots of the principles of Freedom, Peace and Democracy, eager to sell these ideas to all with whom they come in contact.

We must teach them to have a fierce, unyielding pride in the term

American. Teach them that there is no perfectionist Utopia on earth and never will be. Show them that it took the labor of centuries to produce a government *of the people, by the people and for the people*. Impress upon them the fact that Democracy must be a slow growth. That progress must use the failures of today as the stepping stones for the improvement of tomorrow.

Teach them to view with wide, open eyes the mistakes of today, not to rail at misfortunes, but rather after seeing the errors to take time to think clearly and then set themselves to the task of cor-

By

**ROBERT LEE
BEVERIDGE**

recting or removing the evils. Let them understand that all we have today has been the result of over a thousand years of labor, of faith, of mistakes, of heartaches, and of failures.

WE WHO have served and sacrificed cannot now rest on past laurels. We have a duty still to perform. Our sons and daughters must carry on. We cannot lose faith, for they must not.

Teach them we have faith in their generation, for in their veins runs the blood of patriots, our own blood. Make them understand that we know they are true Americans, ready to die, if need be, in the defense of our beloved country.

To them Old Glory must be a symbol of a Government that is a real democracy and that each year of its existence must be a step nearer to perfection.

Teach them that when progress ceases retrogression sets in. That to boast we have the greatest government on earth and be quiescently satisfied will be fatal. Teach them they must love and cherish our nation, yet be critical of its faults. That when mistakes and errors of government are shown they must not deny them nor hide them, but correct them—correct them immediately.

Let us teach our sons and daughters that they must love America, they must live America, and most of all, they must improve America.

If we do this then Fascism, Communism, Nazism or any other ism except Americanism cannot survive on these shores.

A *Duty* AND A PRIVILEGE

EDITORIAL

WHILE the United States is at peace any citizen or denizen of this country is free to speak his mind on any subject, not excepting policies of the Government, sections of the Constitution of the United States, or laws on the statute books. That is a precious privilege which has come down to us after centuries of strife involving countless wars and the shedding of tremendous quantities of blood. Out of that grim experience, involving peoples in all sections of this planet and at all periods of recorded history, was born the idea in this nation that a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed not only has nothing to fear from full and free discussion of policies, but sows the seeds of its eventual downfall when it adopts any other course.

Thus we have seen the policies of the Government subjected to the strongly adverse criticism of certain sections of public opinion which saw in the Lend-Lease Law and various other measures enacted by the Congress an involvement in the war which these critics felt was unnecessary and even dangerous to the safety of this nation. The critics had a right to be heard, for only through exercise of that right can the people gain knowledge of all the facts and make known their desires to those who represent them in the national legislature.

Once a measure has been enacted into law it may still be criticized, but if it imposes responsibilities on the individual he ignores those responsibilities at his peril, for the government necessarily has the power to compel respect for its laws. It was because of the fact that in a nation such as ours the officials appointed to carry out the laws merely represent the collective will, that Thomas Jefferson declared, in his first inaugural address as President of the United States, that this country was the strongest government on earth, for "every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern."

Early this year a handful of students in a New York

theological seminary were sentenced to prison for refusing to register for army service as required by law. Congress in enacting this legislation had provided that any person who on grounds of conscience felt himself unable to bear arms in defense of his country might claim exemption from that service by a simple declaration to that effect. Furthermore, the law specifically exempted theological students from liability to serve. But these young men, nurtured in liberty, heirs to a freedom secured by the sacrifices of those who had gone before, refused even to register. In a somewhat similar case at Topeka, Kansas, last March Federal Judge Richard J. Hopkins said in sentencing to two years in a federal prison a young man refusing to register:

"Your spirit is one of rebellion against the laws of the United States—against your Government. The effect of your action . . . is to hinder and lessen the preparation for the emergency which the Government deems necessary to success. . . ."

"In the dictator nations one man can create war for all the people, at any time, for or without cause. He can give the command and bombs are rained on peaceful cities . . . This country will not follow such a path of blood and destruction. Those countries have no constitution such as ours to protect the rights of the people. The framers of our Constitution refused to delegate such power to any one man, no matter who he might be. They placed that power in the hands of many, into the hands of men of our own choosing, directly responsible to the people. Our representatives have enacted this rule now under consideration. The overwhelming majority of the people abide by it. You are among the few who reject it and refuse to obey. . . ."

Every American has a duty to his country which transcends every other consideration. If it asks of him service in the armed forces he should consider that service a duty and a privilege. This nation gives every man the opportunity to rise to whatever heights his personal abilities entitle him, without discrimination as regards his race, his color or his creed. It is a country worth living for and, if necessary, worth dying for. We of the Legion have pledged ourselves to its service, and we confidently summon all of our countrymen to their posts of duty.

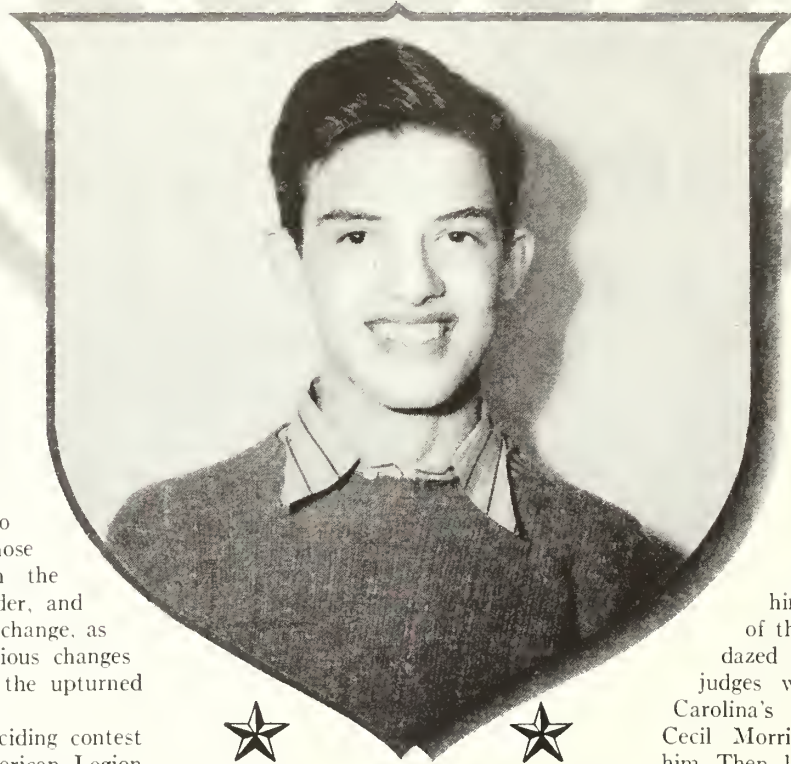
★ ★ ★ ★



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might, to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy, to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



THERE BURNS A *LIGHT*



By
**BOYD B.
STUTLER**



Forty-six Departments put 108,000 high school students in competition for the national oratorical award. Above, Frank Church, Jr., Number One Orator

IT WAS a battle of young giants. That is, speaking in the sense of the oratorical, it was a fight to the finish on a hard fought field. It was good to see, good to hear, and it was good to study the reaction of those seated nearby—to watch the play of emotion, of wonder, and of pride, in kaleidoscopic change, as one after another the various changes were clearly reflected on the upturned faces.

It was the final and deciding contest in the fourth annual American Legion National High School Oratorical Contest, held on the campus of The Citadel at Charleston, South Carolina, on the evening of April 18th. There four clean-cut, wholesome high school students, representing four major geographical divisions of the United States, were pitted against one another in the final test for the highest oratorical honors, and the richest reward offered for excellence in speech in America. These four were Frank Church, Jr., 16, of Boise, Idaho; James McBath, 18, of Watertown, South Dakota; Harris Proctor, 16, of Durham, North Carolina, and Miss Phyllis H. Anderson, 17, of Moorestown, New Jersey.

Brain, not brawn, plus knowledge, training and a skilled application of native forensic talent, brought these four young Americans together for their epic test. But they wielded weapons far more powerful than any ever swung by Roman gladiators. The four who stood in that arena, by a long process of elimination, truly represented the youth of America and they had a right to speak for the faith, the hope, the aspiration and the ambition of American youth. They were the four survivors in a field of one hundred and eight thousand starters in the high school oratorical contest who came from schools in forty-six States of the American Union. One of the four before the evening was over, by a further process of elimination, was declared the new Legion national oratorical champion. His name is Frank Church, Jr., a junior

in the Boise, Idaho, High School, whose ambition is to become a lawyer. He has not decided what college he will attend. His victory, of course, is one that filled his family and his friends with a very just pride, but it also brought a material return in the form of a \$4,000 prize award, payable \$1,000 each year as a scholarship in any college he may select.

Frank Church did not win an easy victory. He had, as had all the others, come up the hard way through six or seven elimination contests before he won the right to represent his geographical section in the national finals. He had seen dozens go down before the oratorical

onslaughts of skilled speakers. But he stayed in there and pitched. Each time he delivered his prize oration, "Our American Way of Life," he put just a little more of himself into it; it meant more to him, and each victory scored carried him one round nearer the top of the ladder. He was just a bit dazed when the decision of the judges was announced and South Carolina's Department Commander, Cecil Morris, turned to congratulate him. Then, like the true sportsmen they were, his three competitors crowded around him to offer their congratulations; he quickly regained his composure; his look of dazed wonder was replaced by a grin which quickly spread into a broad smile.

There were no losers in that contest; each one of the four bore away a prize. But only one could carry away the highest honors—that one was young Church, who still has a year to go in his high school before he can take up college work. Second place was accorded Harris Proctor of Durham, North Carolina, soft spoken but tremendously in earnest, whose oration, "The Benefits of the Constitution," won for him a \$750 scholarship. He is a senior at the Durham high school; editor of the *Hi-Rocket*, the school paper; President of the North Carolina Scholastic Press Institute, and winner of the North Carolina debate and speech tournament. James McBath of Watertown, South Dakota, big of frame, a rosy-cheeked 200 pounder who has won honors as a fullback on his school team, a member of a national scholastic honor society, and a skilled speaker to whom, in his own State and abroad, public speaking is nothing new, took third place and a \$500 scholarship with his oration, "Wake Up, America." He is pointing toward a diplomatic career, with, perhaps, a secondary interest in law.

For the first time a young woman won her way to the top in the oratorical contest—Miss Phyllis H. Anderson of

Moorestown, New Jersey, whose oration, "The Rights We Defend," placed fourth and gave her the final award of a \$250 scholarship. In high school she has been specializing in a classical study course, embracing four years of English, two of Latin, three of French, mathematics and science. Her ambition is to take a law course and her hobby is high school dramatics. Miss Anderson was one of fourteen girls who won State championships. The list included Arkansas, District of Columbia, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont and West Virginia. She clinched

course of their upward climb they met many others filled with just as much zeal and possessed of fine qualities, talent, and spirit. Forty-six state winners were created; the States were then grouped into ten regional districts to narrow the number of contestants. The winners in the ten regions were grouped into four sections and the process of elimination continued until only the four were left to fight it out among themselves.

The regional champions were: 1st, Frank Church, Jr., Boise, Idaho, who met the champions of Washington, Oregon and Utah; 2d, Roy Poole, San Bernardino, California, who defeated the winners in Arizona, Nevada and

Dakota and Montana; 5th, Miss Jane Croessman, DuQuoin, Illinois, who triumphed over four boys from Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Missouri; 6th, James Horton, Doddsville, Mississippi, victor over the winners in Arkansas, Louisiana and Alabama; 7th, Harris Proctor, Durham, North Carolina, who met the finalists from Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and Tennessee; 8th, A. J. Mapp, Portsmouth, Virginia, who won over West Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and the District of Columbia, (though young Mapp lost in the sectional eliminations, there was a Portsmouth Legionnaire on hand at Charleston for the finals); 9th, Miss Phyllis

H. Anderson, Moorestown, New Jersey, whose conquest is noted above, and 10th, Miss Anna Smith, Roxbury, Massachusetts, winner over the New Englanders from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut.

Appropriate in its setting in a fine old Southern city—one of the most historic in all America and at a time when its internationally celebrated gardens were at their heights in a gorgeous riot of color and beauty—a better place for the grand finale of an American youth competition could scarcely be found. There, too, The Citadel campus, an institution which for ninety-nine years has been sending out thoroughly trained young men to build and defend our



Partial view of The Citadel campus, with cadets on parade. At right, the 1941 finalists. Left to right, Proctor, McBath, Church, Mayor Lockwood of Charleston, and Miss Anderson

her right to represent Section D in the national finals when at Atlantic City on April 14th she met and vanquished the champions of Region 9—Richard C. Beckett, Dover, Delaware; James Walsh, Yonkers, New York; Richard Ernest Jones, Shavertown, Pennsylvania; and Miss Jean E. Grady, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Then on April 16th, in the semi-finals at Hartford, Connecticut, she met and defeated Miss Anna Smith of Roxbury, Massachusetts, who had won the Region 10 championship at Portland, Maine. A group of about a dozen Legionnaires and representatives of the Moorestown high school were on hand at the Charleston finals to cheer her from the sidelines. It was a fine demonstration of faith in the ability of, and loyalty to, the first girl to reach the top rung.

All honor, of course, is due to the four who met at Charleston, but in the



Hawaii; 3d, Jack Teeling, Denver, Colorado, who won over the Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico champs; 4th, James McBath, Watertown, South Dakota, who vanquished the representatives of Wyoming, Nebraska, North

common country, was an inspiration and a challenge. It seemed a most natural place for the delivery of a declaration of faith in America and the American way by American youth.

Thrilling to (Continued on page 40)

Rolling hills, woods and meadows, a typical setting for a typical Wisconsin dairy farm

Dairyland awaits

By

**RALPH E.
AMMON**

Director, Department
of Agriculture,
State of Wisconsin



ONE little insect can take credit for carving out of this nation one State to which the census takers have given the unique distinction of having more cattle than people, and to which goes the undisputed title of "America's Dairyland."

Its immigrant farmers, sturdy Swiss, Scandinavians, Germans and others, cleared away its forests intent upon using its fertile soil, its rolling countryside and its hardy climate to make themselves profits in wheat. The lowly chinch-bug, destroyer of wheat, decided otherwise. So great were its depredations in the latter part of the last century that the farmers turned to dairying.

Thus it was that Wisconsin, where The American Legion's National Convention will be held, in Milwaukee from September 15th to 18th, became the State producing more than twelve billion pounds of milk annually to be pumped into the nation's bloodstream. Dairying was a "natural" for the Badger State, blessed with perfect pastures, ample supplies of winter feed, and thousands of spring-fed streams.

Castle turrets resembling those of the old world jut from the trees of Wisconsin's picturesque rural landscape wherever one goes. Those pastoral scenes from the brushes of the world's masters are just Wisconsin done in oil, for in every shaded meadow there is the lazy, contented herd. Cattle are Wisconsin's

royalty, and those turrets are not castles. They are the silos, more of them here than in any other State, where tons and tons of corn fodder are stored up for the long winters. All over the world are found the purebreds whose ancestry traces back to the heavy producers of rich milk in Wisconsin. The late Governor W. D. Hoard, who described the cow as "the foster mother of the human race," early encouraged specialization in dairy breeds, and laid a firm foundation for the marketing of dairy products.

Actually, there are 3,406,000 head of cattle valued at about \$160,000,000. Of these, 2,223,000 are milk cows providing the necessary supplies for the operation of nearly 2,000 cheese factories, more than 500 creameries, 81 evaporated milk plants, 189 ice cream establishments, and 231 powdered milk plants. Tank cars containing all the milk produced in Wisconsin in one year would make up a train reaching from Philadelphia to Denver. How vast this industry has become can be realized by the total value of dairy products produced, a cool \$178,000,000. Wisconsin itself is a generous consumer, but the Chicago area takes a vast amount of fluid milk and cream. Hardly a person in this nation has not, at one time or another, tasted Wisconsin cheese and butter. As the world amasses more and more troops, the evaporated and powdered milk reaches the four corners to provide the vitamin-

AND WHAT A SHOW MILWAUKEE WILL PUT ON FOR CONVENTION VISITORS!

you

laden sustenance for the fighting men.

Legionnaires intent upon giving the convention throngs in September a demonstration of homespun hospitality hope all the visitors will have the opportunity to see the substantial, well kept farms of southern Wisconsin as well as the forests and seven thousand lakes in the north. However, since so many will spend their limited time entirely in Milwaukee, the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture is bringing a glimpse of the dairy industry to them. At the state fair grounds, right at the

If you've never seen eye to eye with a wheel of Swiss cheese, you will find it in this building, where all varieties of Wisconsin natural cheese will be exhibited for the benefit of Legionnaires. Perhaps you have wondered what an American Longhorn, or Edam, or a Provolone looks like. They will be among the tons of dairy products to be placed on display.

As early as 1854, Swiss immigrants brought with them the cheese kettles they used in their homeland. They established a colony at New Glarus and made cheese in their homes. These kettles have been preserved and may be seen at New Glarus and Monroe, two communities situated in Green County, a region of hills and valleys now widely known as the "Switzerland of America."

Monroe, with the largest cheese factories in the nation, is described as the "Swiss Cheese Capital of America." Here the people cling to many of the customs of their native Switzerland, often revealing them in song and pageant. Green County's factories turn out more than a third of all the Swiss cheese produced in the United States. The State's total production is thirty million pounds annually, 67 percent of the nation's output.

American or Cheddar cheese, staple in the nation's markets, is Wisconsin's major contribution to the dairy food realm. It produces approximately 282 million pounds, or fifty percent of the total for the United States. Most of these factories are located in the northeastern, north central and southwestern sections.

There are endless varieties. Brick and Munster from Wisconsin represent 97 percent of the nation's total: Limburger, 65 percent; Italian, 43 percent, and cream cheese, 21 percent. Limburger, the target of so many jokes, gained new fame and new adherents among connoisseurs when John J. Burkhard of Monroe, postmaster and a former Department of Wisconsin Commander of The American Legion, got into a newspaper argument with an Iowa postmaster as to whether this variety should be barred from the mails because of its odor. Burkhard claimed it had an aroma. A cheese-eating contest between the two settled the argument in favor of aroma.

Butter spread on the bread of the nation comes generously from Wisconsin. Annual production amounts to 165,659,000 pounds, (Continued on page 44)

These are the cows that yield the milk that makes the cheese you see below that helps Wisconsin hold its place, all by itself a dairy show



edge of metropolitan Milwaukee, dairy-land will be in actual operation. Wisconsin natural American cheese and creamery butter will be made before the eyes of the spectator in plants installed in the dairy building. Skilled cheesemakers from the famous cheese factories and expert buttermakers will demonstrate just how they make these products.

More and More Americans Are Using the Public Golf and Tennis Facilities of the Nation to Good Advantage

All set for the serve, at match point

THERE were four of them left in the tournament. Four Americans.

The man who finally won was a 31-year-old steel worker from a mill in Pittsburgh. He faced a boy of 21, a shipping clerk who had traveled all the way from Honolulu to Baltimore where the tournament was being held. Then there was a 22-year-old insurance salesman from Oakland, California. He also had crossed the continent to play. Against him was a neighbor who lived in San Francisco across the Bay; 34 years old and a radio-car patrolman. Four good Americans. All that remained of an entry list of 2,600 contestants in the 1939 Amateur Public Links Golf Championships.

This tournament was strictly an American idea. It was started by a good American, too. His name is James D. Standish, Jr., which means something in sport in Detroit, his home town. At the age of 18, Jim Standish was winning golf titles in Europe, including the championship of Austria. He was a crack squash player and at one time president of the United States Squash Racquets Association. Because he played games and liked games, he wanted everyone else to have a chance to play. When the idea came to him back in 1920, he was a member of the Executive Committee of the U. S. Golf Association.

Say! How about giving the other boys a chance to play?

Right, Legionnaire Dwight F. Davis, who gave that Cup. He fathered public park tennis, which graduated (below) Don Budge, Les Stofen and Elly Vines



Everybody

By

JOHN R. TUNIS



What other boys? Oh . . . the boys who don't belong. Who aren't members of country clubs run for the carriage trade. The boys who use 10-Cent-Store balls and play entirely in the public parks. The golfing fathers had never heard of the public parks. They were members of Ekwanok and Onwentsia, of Baltusrol and Brae Burn. But Jim Standish stuck to it. So in July, 1920, the first Amateur Public Links golf championship of the United States was held at Ottawa Park, Toledo, Ohio.

It was won by an amateur golfer of some repute—Edmund R. Held of St. Louis, Missouri. He played in top-class golf circles for many years, finally turn-

ing pro. There were 144 players in that first Public Links championships. In twenty years the number of contestants has grown to 2,600 entrants, and last summer 40 sectional qualifying rounds were held.

Do people really play in the public parks? They sure do. The Golf Association beat the others to it, but the Tennis Association with Robert D. Wrenn, former national champion, at the head, had been tinkering with the idea for years. The man who put it over was Dwight Filly Davis, the Legionnaire who donated the Davis Cup, and a crack tennis player and champion in his own right. Mr. Davis, winner of the D. S. C. for extraor-

inary heroism in operations at Baulny and Chaudron Farm in 1917, was captain and adjutant of the 69th Infantry Brigade, 35th Division, and later promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, in France. One of the founders of the Legion, and still a member of St. Louis (Missouri) Post, of which he was once Commander, Mr. Davis is a public-spirited citizen who was Park Commissioner of that city from 1914 until he went to France in 1917. As head of the city's parks his slogan was, "Parks and playgrounds are not meant merely to grow grass and trees, but to grow men and women."

He put this into effect by constructing all sorts of facilities for the playing of outdoor games. In one of the years he held office, 33,000 permits for use of the public tennis courts in town were issued. He was made president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association in 1923, and one of his first steps was to inaugurate a Public Parks Tennis Championship. There was only one rule: Contestants had to be players in public parks, not members of private tennis clubs.

That first municipal tennis tournament was held, naturally enough, in St. Louis, Mr. Davis's home city. It was won by Cranston Holman, a blond, six-foot Californian who learned his game in the public

parks of San Francisco. Like many others who came up from the public parks, Holman later became prominent in tennis circles and was a member of the First Ten in 1925 and 1927. He studied medicine in the East, and today is a prominent surgeon attached to the New York Hospital.

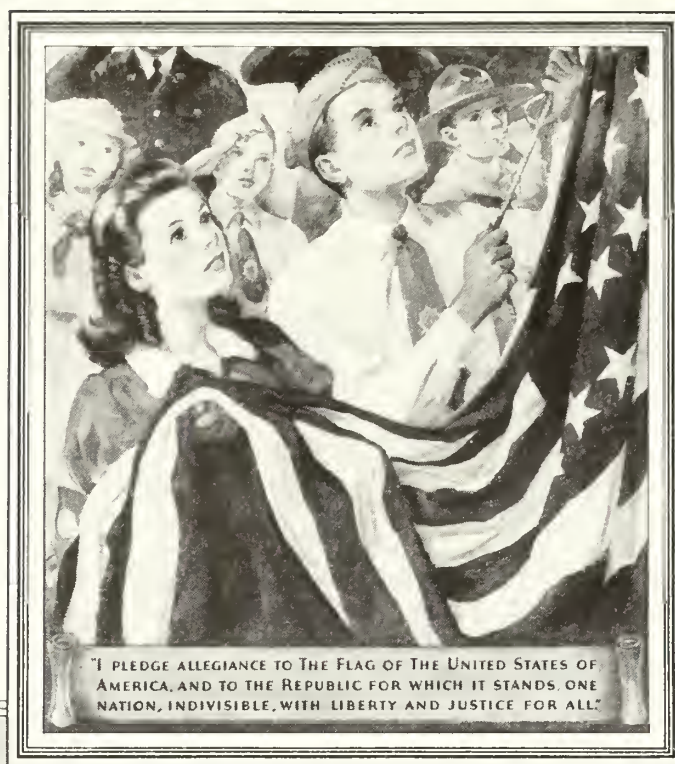
This tournament has grown so fast that at present there are some sixty cities which hold local championships in the public parks and send the winner on to the national tournament. The Public Parks championship is probably the largest event in any sport held anywhere on earth. There were 3,000 competing in Wisconsin, 8,000 in Michigan and 2,500 in Los Angeles last summer. In all about 150,000 men and women compete every year. This is one tennis tournament in which there aren't any tennis bums. Occasionally (Continued on page 50)

PLAY!



Some of the public golf courses are magnificent. At left, Pauline Betz, who learned her tennis on public courts and who is plenty good

WITH the close of the current school term, thousands of American Legion Posts can look back over the year and review with satisfaction the dozens of types of school assistance programs begun and carried to successful conclusions. Contests of various kinds were sponsored, classes developed, studies encouraged, and medals for excellence, as well as more substantial awards, were given in uncounted numbers. And there is satisfaction in the knowledge that each program sponsored, whether scholastic, educational or athletic, has had a definite aim and constructive purpose—the



programs. Hundreds of letters have been received by the Step-Keeper telling of the adoption of some Americanism plan found in the magazine; asking for extra copies for school distribution, or for clean copies, without lettering, of some cover picture to frame and hang in a school room.

One of the most effective programs in which one of our magazine covers was used was conceived and carried out by Garfield Post at Glenwood Springs, Colorado—the cover selected being that painted by Legionnaire Edward M. Stevenson for the June, 1940, number, which is reproduced on this page. And just by way of further identification



I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE



inculcation of the underlying principles of good citizenship, good sportsmanship and love of country. All this can be sized up in one word—Americanism.

The first lessons in good citizenship are, of course, taught in the home; the next logical step in the progressive development of the future citizen is in the school room and on the playgrounds. It is there that the child first comes to realize that democracy as we know it in our American system is no more a political organization than it is a personal way of life, and that each individual is a partner in this democracy and has certain duties, obligations and responsibilities. The Flag, as the symbol of the Republic, unfolds in a new and greater significance. The pledge to the Flag becomes a personal pledge, not a few well-written and high-sounding lines to be parroted at the direction of the teacher.

This magazine, too, has a satisfaction in the widespread use of its articles and pictures in the furtherance of these school Americanism



Commander Worrell of Garfield Post, Glenwood Springs, Colorado, presents a picture and Flag Code to a school. Below, a typical Colorado rural school



of the artist, before telling anything about the program, it is well to mention that Comrade Stevenson is the magazine's art director, while the young lady who holds the folds of the Flag in the left foreground is his daughter, Daphne, who posed as one of the models. Directly behind her is his daughter Ruth. The other boys and girls are of the Babylon, New York, school. The flag is the one flown over the school building.

Here is what Harry B. Wood, Service Officer of Garfield Post, has to say: "The June, 1940, cover picture seemed to have such fine possibilities in teaching Americanism our Post determined to place a framed copy in every school room in Garfield County. The Board of County Commissioners, when consulted about the program, not only gave its approval but authorized purchase of the pictures at its expense. Neatly framed under glass, and with the Flag Code printed on the back—framing, glazing and all distributing cost at the expense of the Post—we have placed sixteen dozen of the



FLAG DAY—JUNE 14th

pictures in the county—there is one in every school room, one in every office at the courthouse, and one in each public building, post offices included.

"The pictures enclosed are of our typical rural schools; the presentation is being made by Post Commander O. J. Worrell, with Legionnaires Adriance, Heisler, Bertschy, Hopkins and Wood in the background. In this school, as in many others, we were told by the teacher that the Pledge of Allegiance is repeated each morning by the pupils and that most of them have committed to memory the Preamble to the Constitution, I Am An American, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The camera shots were made for our Post record by Comrade John B. Schutte."

Another effective use of the same cover picture was made by the Kanawha County (West Virginia) Defense Committee, of which John Brawley Post of Charleston is an active member, when it was selected as the cover design for a pamphlet, *Some Thoughts on National Defense*. Fifty thousand copies of the pamphlet were printed and distributed to teachers and pupils in the Kanawha County and contiguous territory.

From Breckenridge, Texas, comes a letter from Bob Owens, Commander of Bernice Coles Post: "The theme of the annual Breckenridge High School this year is Americanism and it has gone to The American Legion Magazine cover pictures for the leading illustrations. The first one selected is the Lincoln and Washington cover from the February, 1940, number (painted by Legionnaire Jes W. Schlaikjer) which will be used on the dedication page. The other is from the June, 1940, cover, (again the Stevenson painting) a good American subject showing Sons of the Legion, Boy Scouts and others in ceremonies attending the raising of the flag. It will be used in the sophomore section."

Another program that is worthy of mention is that put on by Meade-Price Post of Wayne, New York, which, according to a report from Post Adjutant Willis H. Glover, had members of its Americanism Committee visit five rural schools and present individual Pledge of Allegiance forms, neatly engraved

and suitable for framing, to each of the pupils. Another standby in Americanism work in the schools is the Kings County, New York, Legion Americanism Committee, in the Brooklyn area. The January report for the mid-year graduation, says Chester Harris, Flatlands Post publicographer, lists 268 school medal awards. Dan Rogers,



County Americanism Chairman, expects this number to be exceeded in June. In addition to the awards, fifty-five Americanism speakers were sent, by request, into the public and parochial schools.

Another phase of the school assistance program is that reported by Edwin S. Barger, Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Education of the Lucas County (Ohio) Council, (which embraces To-

ledo, the home city of National Commander Warner.) "For several months," says Legionnaire Barger, "our Committee on Americanism has been active in the distribution of patriotic and historical materials to youth groups in schools. The cost of the program has been borne by the twenty-seven Posts in the County. The Posts, and certainly the Auxiliary Units, have responded promptly and generously, and each Post accepting a share in the project is permitted to name a school or other youth group to which a set of the historical-patriotic material is presented in the name of the donor Post."

"The materials consist of a short story of the Constitution, pictures of the Signers with historical sketches, music of the period with history, facsimile copies of the Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rights, shadow-box dioramas depicting the scene of the signing, and other items. Most of the materials were secured from the Constitution Sesqui-centennial Commission, at Washington, from the surplus left at the close of the commemoration period. All of the items tend to visualize the historical background and people of the cradle days of the Republic."

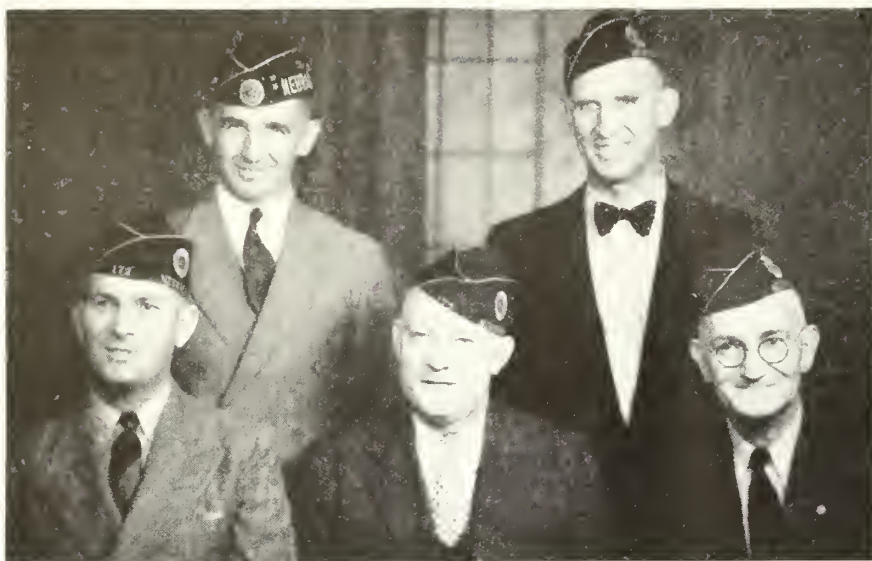
Lads and Dads

IT IS an easy step from a review of some of the Legion school assistance work to some of the activities of an active, working Squadron of The Sons



Meade-Price Post of Wayne, New York, distributed flag pledges to rural school pupils. Below, presentation of a painting by the Commander of Terre Haute (Indiana) Post to the Squadron of Sons

of the Legion. So here is something about the sixth annual "Lads and Dads" dinner held on March 27th by the members of Fort Harrison Post and Squadron of Terre Haute, Indiana. The meeting was honored by the presence of Department Commander John A. Watkins of Bloomington, who made the principal address.



Antelope Post of Neligh, Nebraska, has five active Postmasters on its rolls. At right, old Ringling Railroad station makes a fine home for Ardmore, Oklahoma, Post

The affair was, as usual, open to all sons of the members of Fort Harrison Post, irrespective of their affiliation with the Squadron. Each lad in attendance was accompanied by his own dad or by one adopted for the occasion. The banquet was prepared by the Legion mothers, and served in the Post home. One of the highlights of the banquet was the presentation to the Squadron of a copy of the Sons of the Legion cover of the March, 1938, number of *The American Legion Magazine*, which was painted by Edwin Earle. The copy in full size and splendid finish was the work of William L. Woodard, Commander of Fort Harrison Post. Two of the Squadron's members are in active service: Squadron Captain Paul Krazy, Jr., who is at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and Past Captain Paul Small, who is with Company I, 151st Infantry, at Camp Shelby.

Five Postmasters

MOST towns, big or little, can boast of only one regularly "ordained" Postmaster. Here is a Legion Post in a Nebraska town that has on its active membership roster five such officers regularly commissioned and empowered to read other people's postcards. Says A. J. Sellery, who describes himself as an ex-

Leatherneck: "Antelope Post, Neligh, Nebraska, boasts that it has a record, in that it has five regularly appointed Postmasters as members. If there is any Post in the United States that can beat it, or even tie it, we will furnish a feed of the finest Nebraska roast pheasant with all the trimmin's."

To prove his claim Comrade Sellery sends a picture of the five which we are glad to make a place for in this chronicle of Legion activity. Reading from left to right Antelope Post's Postmasters are: first row, David Rose, Brunswick; Ken A. Scofield, Neligh; Lyle Dirkes, Ewing; second row, Harry Hagedorn, Royal, and J. Earl Flowers, Clearwater.



Station Home

"GEORGE R. ANDERSON Post of Ardmore, Oklahoma, has a brand new home," says Post Adjutant Ned T. Prator. "Not exactly a new building; but a building that, with some remodeling and repairs costing about \$6,000, will serve this active Post very nicely. The new home was formerly the Ardmore station of the Ringling Railroad which, many years ago, was built by John Ringling, of circus fame, from Ardmore to Ringling. The building includes a meeting room that will seat 125, a ball and banquet room with a capacity of 400, and eight other rooms. We are now housing the local draft board and other federal agencies. The building is on the site of the famous old 700 Ranch, known all over the Southwest. The picture en-



closed was made when our Post was host to the mid-winter Third District Convention on January 20th, and when the home and flag were dedicated by Department Commander Randell Cobb."

State Family Night

IT WAS "State official family night" recently at Washington's largest Legion Post—Seattle Post No. 1—when Governor Arthur B. Langlie and other State officials, and high Legion officials were guests of honor for the evening. A dinner in honor of Governor Langlie was given at the Olympic Hotel, where more than a hundred Legionnaires greeted him and where Past National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick hailed him as the Commonwealth's Number One man.

Later, the Governor, who resigned as Mayor of Seattle to take his place at the head of the State, State Treasurer Otto Case, Insurance Commissioner William A. Sullivan, Brigadier General Maurice Thompson, Adjutant General, and Land Commissioner Jack Taylor attended the regular meeting of Seattle Post. There, before a capacity member-

ship meeting, Governor Langlie delivered the address of the evening in which he spoke of the problems and progress of the gigantic defense program and the way in which The American Legion ties in with it.

Chicago to Celebrate

"ALL roads in Chicago and its environs will lead to Soldier Field on the evening of the Fourth of July," writes Dan McCarthy, Secretary of the Cook County (Illinois) Council's July Fourth Committee.

"Cook County Council will stage its seventh annual Fourth of July celebration on that evening in the historic stadium on the shores of Lake Michigan, so well known to Legionnaires the country over. If we can judge by the six preceding affairs, the vast amphitheater will be filled to the utmost capacity permitted for a fireworks spectacle. The celebration in Soldier Field has come to be looked upon as an established institution and as one of the most colorful events of the year in the Chicago area.

"Colonel A. A. Sprague, Legionnaire

youngsters as well as quicken the pulses of their elders. Opening with appropriate flag ceremonies and parade of the entire cast of performers, led by Legion musical outfits, it will present a constantly shifting scene. Selected circus acts will bring gleeful shouts from the kids; performers perched on perilous heights will do their stuff for the thrill enthusiasts. And then—the fireworks! Weeks have been spent in formulating the program, designing and manufacturing the material, and finally building and wiring the sets on which the spectacle will be flashed.

"An electrician in the control room will push a button . . . flash . . . scenes depicting the glory of America will be etched in multi-colored fire. Passing in review before a figure of Uncle Sam, fifty feet in height, will be battleships, cruisers and destroyers of the greatest Navy in the world. Across the magic screen in animated formation, to the accompaniment of martial music,



will flash the might of our modern Army with its tanks, artillery, anti-aircraft and planes. Then a flashback to the days of '17 and '18.

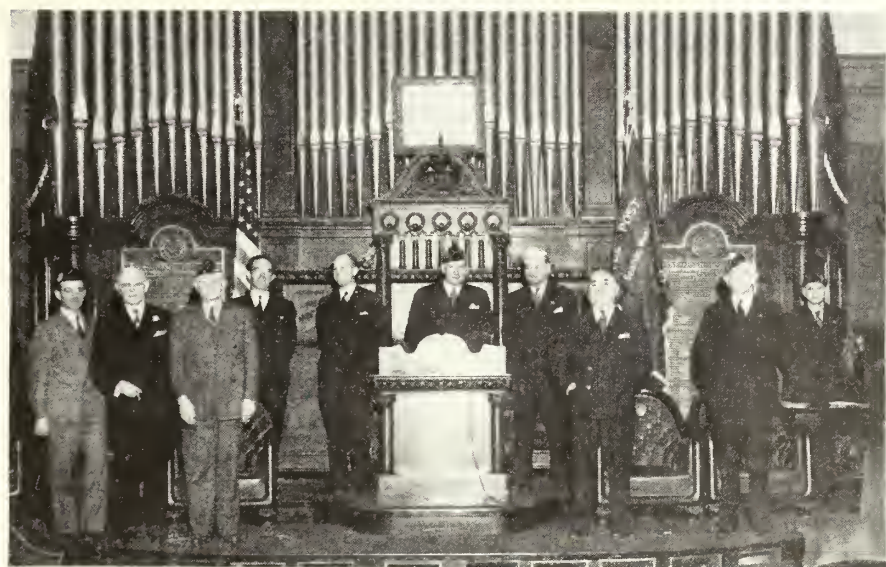
"That is the program of Cook County Council for the Fourth—safe, sane and patriotic!"

Legion Lane

THE City of Los Angeles, California, covers a lot of territory, and a lot of its street names are duplicated in its various sections. Now, thanks to Griffith Park Post, there is one less Riverdale Place—for Riverdale Place in Atwater, the home of Griffith Park Post, has been officially changed to Legion Lane. And, as a matter of further interest, according to Junior Past Commander Francis C. Becheley, the Post's home—built in 1937 and paid for—is located on Legion Lane.

Alive and Active

THE caption above is a slogan picked from the bottom of the printed letter head used by the Past Commanders' Association of Cobb-Williams Post, of Hibbing, Minnesota. Not only are the Past Commanders of that Post alive but their activity in Legion affairs keeps them young and full of vinegar. Hubert F. Dear, Secretary of the Association, sends the picture of the group taken last fall and identifies the members as follows: Left to right, L. M. McCabe, V. H. Johnson. (Continued on page 57)



Seattle (Washington) Post was honored by Governor Arthur B. Langlie and other officials in a big meeting. Right, members of Continental Illinois Post put on the "Spirit of '76" at the Chicago celebration last year

and one of the outstanding civic leaders of Chicago, is Honorary Chairman, while the General Chairman is County Commander Francis E. Phelan. Russell W. Root is Executive Vice Chairman, and the Committee members are Leo J. Buckley, Abner H. Bender, Leonard Olson, George F. Hime, County Vice Commander Arthur E. Canty, Roland V. Libonati and Frank H. Cull.

"The program arranged for 1941 will be a diversified one, planned not only to re-kindle patriotism but to amuse the



THIS department is glad that this subject has been brought under discussion because it, too, had always had a rather hazy idea of just what the functions of Pioneer Infantry were. But now that official information regarding that branch of service has been obtained, we want to share it with all of the Gang.

Here's how it all started: Within a comparatively short space of time, two letters came to our desk—one from Joel T. Johnson, President of the Third Pioneer Infantry Veterans Association, 411 Essex Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota; the other from ex-Gob L. Gluck of Port Chester (New York) Post of the Legion. The following arresting paragraph is extracted from President Johnson's letter:

"And speaking of 'history'—our organization dates back to 1636, having taken part in the Revolution, in the Battle of Bull Run, etc., as it derived from the old Fifth Massachusetts and the 182d Infantry, which latter regiment also furnished men to the 26th Division during the World War. Therefore, the Third Pioneer Infantry was the *oldest* regiment in the A. E. F."

Now let's turn to Comrade Gluck, who went to the core of the subject in his appeal:

"For years, as I looked over your Outfit Notices column, I've wondered what Pioneer Infantry is or was. I've asked occasional Army men and the answers, reduced to printable language, summarize thus:

"A misbegotten mongrel of Engi-

neers, Q. M., Labor Battalion, and Infantry—and the *pioneer* part a total lie, since they never precede combat troops."

"Could you please furnish this ex-sailor, and a lot of soldiers too, some authentic, non-libelous data about the who and what of the Pioneer Infantry?"

Lacking the wanted information, we went right to headquarters—to the Historical Section, The Army War College, Washington, D. C., and promptly a letter came from Secretary John W.

Wright, Colonel, U. S. A., Retired, which, for the edification of all, we are pleased to quote:

"The term 'pioneers' was originally used to designate local inhabitants of a country requisitioned by an army to work on roads, bridges and earthworks (16th and 17th centuries).

"Later, units of regular troops were organized into pioneers, provided with hatchets, saws, spades and pick axes (in addition to muskets) for construction work (18th century).

"Modern Pioneers are useful and honorable organizations. They are especially trained units, organized into regiments, to do special labor duties, particularly road and bridge construction.

"During the World War many of our engineer regiments were classed as 'pioneers' and performed useful service, frequently under fire."

THAT is an authentic definition that should please all Pioneer Infantry veterans—but we can go further to increase that pride by referring again to our correspondence with President Johnson of the Third Pioneer Infantry veterans' outfit. We asked him upon what he based his statement that his regiment of Pioneers was descended from the earliest military organization of this land of ours. Did he produce? He sent a copy of an article that had appeared in *The Infantry Journal* (Washington, D. C.), for December, 1936, an article that bore the title "Salute to Our Oldest Regi-

"Pioneers" is



Loading ammunition trucks, such as those shown above at Rarécourt, France, in October, 1918, was one of the various service jobs of Pioneer Infantrymen



When a French troop train was wrecked near Souilly, France, late in 1918, 3d Pioneer Infantrymen helped to rescue the wounded

Right!

THEN
and NOW

ment," and from which (with a nod of thanks to the *Infantry Journal*), we extract the following:

We refer to the 182d Infantry (Fifth Massachusetts), the oldest regiment in the Army of the United States. Yes, we mean just that. Our oldest Regular outfits are youthful by comparison and even the older Guard regiments which trace their ancestry back to colonial days, must concede seniority to this venerable organization which had its beginnings when John Alden's children were in kindergarten.

As a regiment, the 182d Infantry will be exactly 300 years old on December 13th of this year (1936). It might with propriety claim an additional six years, since the "train bands" from which it was founded had been in existence since 1630. . . . It was the impending Pequot Indian War which caused the Court of Assistance of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to issue the order combining the "train bands" into three regiments. One of these was the North Regiment in which the present 182d Infantry had its origin.

A detachment of the North Regiment fought in the Pequot War and thereby wrote the first chapter of the long war record of the 182d. The second and third chapters tell of participation in King Philip's War and King William's War. Meanwhile, the name of the regiment had been changed twice; first to "Middlesex," and then to "Lower Regiment of Middlesex." Later, it was designated the "First-Regiment of Middlesex," the name under which it served during the Revolutionary War.

On April 19, 1775, the companies of the First Middlesex assembled in the wake of Paul Revere to participate in the battles of Lexington and Concord. Two months later they played a prominent role in the historic drama of Bunker Hill. . . .

The Fifth Regiment, constituted from units of the



First Middlesex, saw some service during the War of 1812, but it was not until 1861 that it again joined battle. In that year it fought at First Bull Run. During the next two years it saw action in various expeditions and skirmishes in North Carolina.

In 1898, the Fifth Regiment became the Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, and served at

Camp Meade and Camp Weatherill. Mustered out on March 31, 1899, its next Federal service was on the Mexican Border between June and November, 1916.

On July 25, 1917, the regiment was again mustered into Federal service. Three weeks later it transferred some 1,800 officers and men to the newly-formed 101st Infantry, 56th Brigade, 26th Division. In due course, the Fifth Massachusetts, recruited to strength, went overseas as the Third Pioneer Infantry, and saw service in the Argonne and with the Army of Occupation. So, in a sense, the regiment that is designated the 182d Infantry may properly lay claim to a double World War record.

Colonel Bacon and his officers have furnished proof that this three-hundred-year-old regiment goes in for progress as well as tradition. It looks forward as well as back. It is not only proud of its past; it is alive to the present and mindful of the future. . . .

May the honorable history of its first three hundred years be but a preface to the uncut pages of its promising future.

If anyone wants to dispute the claim of the Third Pioneer Infantry, after the foregoing proof that Mr. Johnson supplied, let him step forward! Incidentally, the 182d Regiment, now part of the 26th Division, is in Federal service at this time at Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Comrade Johnson supplied us with the picture of the train wreck and that of a group of ammunition trucks which are reproduced. From his accompanying story, the Third Pioneer Infantry was called upon for extra-curricular service—beyond the road and bridge building expected of it. Johnson will tell the story:

"During the Christmas holidays of 1918, while the Third Pioneers were stationed in the area about Souilly, France, a train wreck occurred between Souilly and Lemmes just before dawn. An American engine had assisted in push-



Pretty soft for a bunch of soldiers! Men of the 312th and 313th Supply Companies enjoy the beach in the Leave Area in Biarritz, France, in May, 1919



Officers and gentlemen-in-the-making learning how to handle pick and shovel at the 1st O. T. C. at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, in June, 1917

ing a troop-train, loaded with French soldiers, up a grade and had then returned to Souilly. Suddenly a portion of the train broke loose, rushed back down-grade and collided with the engine, the cars telescoping. To make matters worse, there was hay, for the soldiers to lie on, in the cars and a stove in each car, causing the wreckage to catch fire.

"The French soldiers, many of them wounded, could not get out of the wreckage, and men of the Third Pioneers, awakened by the crash, rushed to the rescue, extricating a number of the Frenchmen from the burning wreckage. A score or more of the *poilus* were killed or burned to death. Our men also assisted in clearing away the wreckage and assisted generally in every way they could until French military men arrived to take charge.

"The picture of the fleet of ammunition trucks was taken at Rarécourt in the Meuse-Argonne front during the early part of October, 1918. It shows men of our regiment who loaded such trucks from ammunition dumps up near the front. The drivers of the trucks were, of course, not of our outfit. Loading of ammunition trucks was our big job during the war and after the Armistice we did demolition work in France and then later moved up to Coblenz, Germany, where we did convoy duty for more than two months—leaving on July 3, 1919, for St. Nazaire, and home.

"Although it was not until April 15, 1939, at a reunion in Minneapolis, that the permanent organization of the Third Pioneer Infantry Veterans Association was perfected, we have since held two successful reunions and have more than a thousand of our former comrades on our active roster. Our regular annual reunion for 1941 will be held in Minneapolis or St. Paul on November 13th and we expect an attendance of over

five hundred. If a sufficient number of our men attend the Legion National Convention in Milwaukee next September, we shall arrange a special reunion there, also. I would like to have all Third Pioneer veterans, who intend to be in Milwaukee, write to me at 411 Essex Building, Minneapolis—and also those who contemplate attending our reunion in November."

LAST month we read in this magazine a story by one of the Army hostesses among whose numerous duties are those

Chambéry, and Challes-Les-Eaux, was established.

One of the last leave centers to be added to the comprehensive list was the watering-place of Biarritz which in February, 1917, became a part of the Pyrenees Leave Area. Now, tragically, that area lies in Occupied France. On beaches where once A. E. F. soldiers disported, this summer there may be Nazis. A picture of one of the A. E. F. leave parties at Biarritz is shown through the co-operation of E. E. Putnam of John J. Galvin Post who lives at 61 Madison Circle, Greenfield, Massachusetts—and, incidentally, the owner of the negative of the snapshot here has an opportunity to recover it. Putnam reports:

"The enclosed snapshot was taken at Biarritz, in a Leave Area in Southern France not far from the Spanish Border, on May 25, 1919. The negative was loaned to the writer, who for some reason now forgotten failed to return it to the owner, but if he sees the picture in *Then and Now* and writes to me, I shall promptly return it.

"The men in the picture were, I think, all members of the 312th and 313th Supply Companies, Q. M. C., then stationed at Grieses, known as G. I. S. D. No. 2.

"Biarritz was quite a town for soldiers on leave and no doubt several thousand



of providing recreational and social activities for the million or so men who are now undergoing training for military service. Much stress is put upon the subject of maintaining morale and of preventing either physical or mental deterioration among the men of the armed forces. That same thing, as you may recall, was true during the war in which we participated twenty-three years ago. As early as August, 1917, the Y. M. C. A. offered its services to General Pershing in providing leave centers for men of the A. E. F. when leaves could be granted, and in January, 1918, the Savoie Leave Area, including Aix-les-Bains,

will still remember the swimming in the surf, the Casino, the good times the Y. M. C. A. made possible. Speaking of the Y, perhaps some will remember the dances that were put on for the dough-boys—and a few of us have surely not forgotten a Miss Graves from Boston, Miss Mulberry from Kentucky, Miss Wisheart from Ohio, Miss Bechtel from Utah, and many others.

"Then, too, there was the R. Wana-maker estate—the house closed with the exception of the third floor, which had been converted into quarters for refugees. And some will remember the trips around Biarritz in those horse-

drawn affairs which would look strange indeed in our home towns today. Then there was that little hotel, the Maison Ruffe, and the larger Hotel Paris, which really had running water in each room—cold water!

"A. E. F. visitors there will remember that alarm clocks were not needed in the morning as the fish peddlers with their wares in baskets on their heads proclaimed '*le poisson*' (fish) in voices that one could not help but hear.

"There were those jaunts over to the city of Bayonne (where the bayonet was invented), with its sidewalk cafes, and a few may remember the roller-skating rink where some of us had a little trouble keeping right-side up. Another trip that many took was that to the famous shrine at Lourdes. Those were happy days, but look at France now!"

WHO ever said that the guys who made the grade for the Officers' Training Camps back in 1917-18 had it soft? Even though they did drive the troops ultimately put under their command, perhaps it was just a method of getting back for some of the hardships and indignities they, too, had had to suffer while earning their commissions.

As a flashback to those training days, we show a photograph of a gang of would-be officers and gentlemen in rather informal attire all set for the job of digging a trench system at their training camp. The picture came from a man who right now has a huge job on his hands—that of Secretary of The American Legion 1941 Convention Corporation. George F. Kiewert is the man and this is what he has to say about the picture:

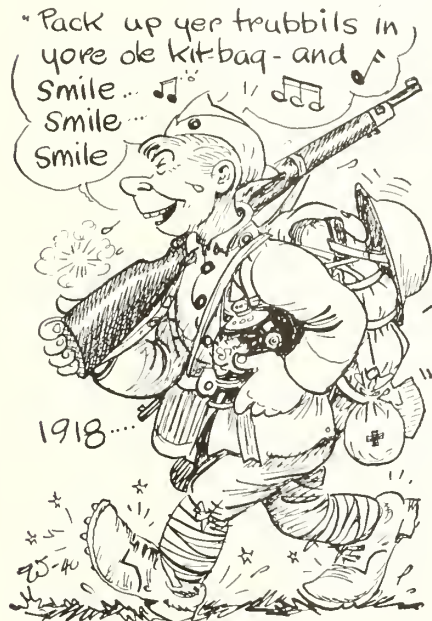
"I have often wondered what has become of a lot of those embryo officers of the United States Army—better known as 'Sears-Roebuck lieutenants' in the lower grades, and 'ninety-day wonders' in the higher brackets.

"Anyway, I am sending you a photo that I ran across recently, showing the first trench-digging exercise at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, during June, 1917. This detail was from the 9th Company, 10th Provisional Training Regiment, First Officers Training Camp, at that fort.

"There wasn't so much known in June, 1917, about trench warfare on this side of the Atlantic and this trench system was laid out by our French and British instructors, with the physical work done by the officer candidates. These latter, of course, already picturing themselves as commissioned officers, resented the 'ditch-digging' as somewhat below

their dignity. Before we got through, however, we had a trench system complete in every detail.

"I am the man in the rear row, minus blouse, leaning on his shovel—and no wisecracks, please! I was graduated a lieutenant and served with the 85th Division at Camp Custer, Michigan, and in the A. E. F. A well-known Legionnaire, Past Department Commander Lawrence H. Smith, of Racine, Wisconsin,



sin, now Chairman of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee, also was with this company, receiving a lieutenantancy. After a short tour with the 85th Division he joined the 32d Division at Waco, Texas, and went overseas with them.

"A present Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, Frank Murphy, was in our company and I believe in

my platoon. There was also Harry Mead, a very close friend of his who later was Murphy's campaign manager when Murphy ran for Governor of Michigan. Among other now noted men in our outfit were Professor Charles Bryan, a cousin of the famous William Jennings Bryan, Floyd Carlson, now superintendent of the Public Parks system of Kenosha, Wisconsin—the latter my immediate bunkie—Circuit Judge Roland J. Steinle of Milwaukee, and Harry E. Ransom, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the 40 and 8 in 1937, who received a captaincy and served with the 85th Division and overseas with the 310th Motor Supply Train.

"Comrade Art Pohlman, official photographer for the Legion 1941 Convention Corporation, refinished the old snapshot and will be glad to furnish an 8½x11 reprint to each one of the 'soldats' who writes in and identifies himself in the group. Perhaps if we hear from enough of the fellows we might stage a reunion during the National Convention next September 15-18. Pohlman can be addressed in care of The American Legion 1941 Convention Corporation of Milwaukee, 611 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

PROGRAMS for preparedness and for national defense cost money, and programs for war cost even more. No veteran of World War I will forget the Liberty Loan drives that were held in all camps and forts and stations and how generously men in service, even with their restricted pay, bought bonds in great number. We show a picture announcing the result of one of those Liberty Loan drives during 1917, and call upon Past Commander Harmon D. Skilkin of C. C. Thomas Navy Post, who is Assistant Dis- (Continued on page 62)



All we do is sign the payroll! One reason for that service song is shown above—a Liberty Loan drive at the Naval Training Station, San Pedro, California, in 1917

Tie Score

(Continued from page 19)

Dear Son:

I didn't mean to be terrible tough or anything, but it has got me all upset thinking my boy ain't in the Navy where I always looked forward to him being in case we ever made the same mistake again which we made the last time which it looks like we are going to do from the things I see in the papers and hear on the radio. What this country needs is five cents worth of originality in making mistakes.

This fellow Tom Davis who lives next door to us thinks he is smart kidding the ears off me about your being in the Army and riding on a truck instead of a battleship and it gets under my skin. Some day he is going to make me forget everything except that I was champion middle weight of our squadron. I never did like that fellow anyhow.

Since I can't help it now, I want you to know that I would like to see you get along in the Army and if I can help I will be glad to do so even if I got to go down to Washington to see some veterans who I knew in the service who are now big shots down there. I will do anything I can for you except write to my Congressman which I will never do again about anything after I had a terrible experience writing to him about the Universal Draft bill a couple of years ago which I did for The American Legion which I would do anything for but not write to no Congressman again never.

Anyhow, don't get discouraged because you ain't a colonel already, because as Nero said, it takes a awful lot of fiddling to get into the history books and Rome wasn't burned in a day.

This letter is from your

Partly reconciled
Pop

Dear Pop:

It made me very happy to get your last letter and see that you do not feel so sore about me joining the Army as you did.

I am hoping we will get some real training as soon as we get some of the new guns, and some ammunition, and some trucks, and some other equipment and they get through changing officers around, sending them away to schools and firing them out because they wear scratches and scars which are not regulation. This is called "physical disability" which is an Army technical term meaning that a man is supposed not to be able to do the same things in an Army uniform he has been doing all his life in a business suit. It has got me worried, too, because I am afraid when I have worked myself up to where I am on the

list to be a General I might have a bullet hole in my fanny which the regulations would say would keep me from making a correct estimate of the situation.

I am writing to Mom to ask her to please send another cake as good as the one she parcel posted last week. It boosted the morale of my squad like nobody's business and helped get me out of fatigue duty because I gave a big



piece of it to the sergeant. When it comes time for you to go to Washington about my promotion it would be a good idea to take along a couple of Mom's cakes for those friends of yours down there.

Your loving
Son

Dear Soldier:

I always thought the Army was a bunch of cake-eaters and now I know it. And if you think your Mom is going to start a bakery just so you can be a General you are going to stay a private for a long time. She has got too much to do now with cooking for us and cleaning the house and taking care of Aunt Ellen's two kids who is in the hospital to have what they call an "open-deck-tummy" or something which I understand means she has got to have her appendix cut out.

And I certainly ain't going to Washington with a truck load of cakes for them hard-boiled old gobs I know down there. Oh, boy, would they give me the horse laugh? And I think they would be scared of the Greeks bringing gifts and tell me they don't except no bribes and why didn't I bring a case of Scotch instead of sissy things like cakes anyhow.

Ain't there no way you can get a transfer to the Navy so you can be in a he-man's organization?

Always your sea-going
Pop

Dear Pop:

O.K., O.K., we're just a lot of sissies in this man's Army—tramping miles and miles with rifles and machine guns and telephone wire through two foot of snow for hours and hours and cold and hungry and wet, instead of suffering in a nice steam-heated cabin on a boat playing checkers and dominoes.

My goodness you sailors are the rugged fellows! However in the *world* do you stand it?

Your little sissy soldier,
JUNIOR

Dear Son:

Now, don't get sore. I didn't mean to imitate that the Army is always sissies. Only sometimes.

Your Mom is worried about maybe you might get the flu or something so she is sending you some wool socks and so forth which I guess maybe you ought to wear. You better see the medical officer if you feel sick or a cold in the head coming on. Don't the Army learn a man how to take care of himself? A sick soldier ain't no good to his country or a dead one neither. Your Mom makes me laugh the way she worries about you. But she always did coddle you too much which I always told her she did. Write right away and tell her how you are. And don't go round in no wet clothes. Did they issue you enough heavy underwear?

Write soon and let us—that is, your Mom—know how you are. She is kind of silly about these things, but you know how women are.

Is there many men in the hospital from your outfit like the newspapers are always saying?

Your
Pop

Dear Pop:

I wrote to Mom and told her not to worry. I'm all right. I can take it.

I told Mom I was not so dumb, neither. After we get in this war we are going to stay out of like you were in the one President Wilson got elected because he kept us out of which was a war to end all wars including the one going on now, all of which I don't know what it is all about, I figure your old Navy is going to have to do the fighting for a long time because the enemy won't be able to invade us and we won't be able to invade him until we got lots more on the ball than we have now. So I told Mom why should I have stuck my neck out and joined the Navy and get blown up on the briny deep when I can be safe at a nice Army Post, and all that.

Your smart
Son

P.S. This Army don't pay very much while you are serving an apprenticeship to be a General. Would it be possible for you to oblige with a small loan, taking my first General's pay as security?

JUNIOR

Dear whatever-the-hell-kind-of-a-so-and-so son you are:

By George Dewey, never did I think I should be cursed with an offspring what was a slacker like what you are what doesn't even have the courage to act like a regular one but gets in the Army as a bluff to keep out of fighting for his country.

Oh, you are smart all right—the kind of smarty-pants what is always looking out for himself and to hell with his country. If you was here I think I would take a kick at where your pants has got the most in them.

I am so burned up and sorry and ashamed of my own son I just can't write no more.

Pop

P.S. I should send money to a bird what has enlisted in the Army so he can get out of fighting for his native land and is already getting paid by a fool government of that land for doin it? Wow! *(%&# #**

Pop

My Darling Son:

I have very unpleasant news for you, I am sorry to say, but it is better for me to tell you before you learn it from some other source, as you no doubt will.

Unfortunately I read the last letter you sent me to Mrs. Davis next door and she told her husband, Tom Davis.

The next day Mr. Davis went into the Modern Tonsorial Parlor on Main Street and started to tell everybody there in a loud voice and with a lot of laughing how the big naval hero who lives next door to him had a son who was a slacker who had joined the Army instead of the Navy like his father just because he thought the Navy would have to do all the fighting and he would be safe at an Army camp and so on, all like you had said in your letter to me.

Then the most terrible thing happened. Your father was in one of the barbers' chairs getting shaved with lather all over his face, so Mr. Davis didn't recog-

nize him and didn't know he was around. Your father let Mr. Davis get all through and then jumped out of the chair and knocked him clear across the room. Mr. Davis grabbed a brass cuspidor and threw it at your father, which didn't hit him but did one of the mirrors in front of the barber chair and broke it to pieces.

Then your father hit Mr. Davis again and knocked him out, right on the sidewalk. This time the barber had to give Mr. Davis eau de cologne or something to bring him to. Then your father said no yellow-livered pigeon like Mr. Davis was going to call a good soldier like his son any slacker and say such things as he said about you which were all terrible lies and so on, and that you would soon be a first-class private and would be a General some day if you stayed in the Army and so on.

Mr. Davis says he is going to sue your father for assault and battery if he does not apologize and your father says that he not only won't apologize but if Mr. Davis ever opens his trap like that again it'll take more than a shot of perfume to bring him back and—oh, it's all just too terrible for words.

Your father has offered to pay the barber for his mirror but the barber won't take the money and says that if he can't make Mr. Davis pay for it he will pay for it himself because he says it is all right because his trade has increased a whole lot by people coming in to hear him tell what happened.

War is such a brutal, silly thing.

Please keep well, dear. And don't worry.

Lovingly,
MOTHER

Dear Pop:

Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy! What a Pop!

What you must have done to Tom Davis for what he said about me in the barber shop and don't I wish I had been there to see it!

Of course I didn't mean a word of that stuff I wrote to Mom and only wrote it to make her feel better and not worry about me being in the Army.

Gee, Pop, I told the boys in my squad about it and they gave a toast to you and our top sergeant says, "What this country needs, Gobb, is a lot more men like your Pop."

Now I know why the United States Navy is the best in the world and I am almost sorry I didn't go in it like you wanted me to, but this Army is all right, also.

Oh, gee, Pop, am I proud of you!

Your loving and admiring
Son

Dear Son:

I don't know how you found out about what I done to Tom Davis. I didn't want you to hear about it. But I am certainly glad the way you and the boys up there at the Fort feel about it. I never did like that bird Davis anyhow and he asked for what he got. He won't sue me like he says he is going to do. He is already the laughing stock of this here town.

I have just got a letter from Washington that maybe I will be called into the service again, me being in the Reserve as you know. Your Mom is all worried again, but you know how women are. I tell her that with men like her son in the Army and her husband in the Navy no lousy country in the world is going to lick the good old U. S. A.

Your loving
Pop

P. S. I been thinking things over and I guess your Army pay ain't very much and you could use a few extra pennies for things you might want so am enclosing money order for \$25 which I wish it could be more but there are a lot of expenses around here and taxes is going to get higher and higher all the time. Take care of yourself, son. We got to have a good Army as well as a good Navy, I guess.

Pop

Defense of Two Americans

(Continued from page 21)

dids drown them out. I had heard a little noise and came upon the culprit down by a rotten stump where he was digging busily for crickets or June bugs. Next to him on the little hummock where he sat, was a lamb chop which had been shortly before in my icebox.

I picked up a rock and made a sudden move and then stopped quickly. For he looked at me with his friendly little black eyes, not in anger, not in fear, but with a sort of calm appraisal. Foolishly I took one step toward him hoping that he would run. He didn't. Still looking at me, he calmly did a sort of little dance with the forefeet only. I didn't know then what I found out

later, but I stood there without moving until, after he had dug a little bit further into the old stump, he picked up my chop and walked quietly and tranquilly off with it with a sort of disdain of anything which I might possibly do.

I admired him then, I admire him now because of the warning he gave me. What a terrible fate might have met me I knew from my other experience forty years ago. This little dance of the front feet is described by Alan Devoe who has studied skunks for years. Writing about a situation when the skunk, lumbering placidly along a country lane, is confronted by a mongrel, he thus described in *American Mercury* that ritual I saw by the rotten stump:

"Tranquilly, with neither fear nor malice, he eyes the mongrel in his path. So great is his reluctance to mar the peaceful tenor of his evening that he stands for a moment quite still, hopeful that the din of barking will presently subside and the noisy barker take his leave.

"Instead the dog advances in a growling rush. It is a serious error. Very slowly Mephitis lowers his furry striped head, delicately arches his back, and with grave earnestness thumps his forefeet on the ground. It is not a terrifying sound, this little pattering staccato, but the wild wood-folk understand it perfectly, and respond to it as quickly as

(Continued on page 40)

Defense of Two Americans

(Continued from page 39)

to a rattler's whirr. But the dog sees Mephitis's gesture as only a silly antic, and he makes another charge."

This explains the little noise in the incident I am about to describe. When I was eleven years old my Uncle Elvin in Bergen County, New Jersey, found a very young skunk which had just lost its mother. He put it in the pocket of his hunting jacket and took it home. The little black head with its white stripe between the eyes, his unusual waddling gait, fascinated my uncle and he kept him as a pet. It was never necessary to remove the glands with which by a sudden compression the skunk, when finally forced to do so, will protect himself against his enemy.

My uncle became very attached to little Sam, a friendship made stronger by the realization that Sam's food, consisting almost entirely of field mice, beetles, grasshoppers and other pests, made him a valuable ally for a man with a big farm. He would follow my uncle from the barn up to the house with his curious rolling, good-natured gait, like a Japanese wife or Gunga Din, a few paces right flank rear.

On cool evenings in the late fall he was often allowed to sit under the kitchen stove. On one such evening, Dave Hen Jackson, a neighbor with whom my uncle had been having some trouble about a fence line, came in to argue the dispute. He had absorbed a few drinks at Henning's Hotel. He talked in a loud voice, became abusive. Finally, angry, he made a threatening step toward my uncle who was seated on a kitchen chair. "There had been a little tinny noise," my uncle told me later. It must have been peaceful Sam giving fair and honest warning to a man he had been watching who was going to hurt his beloved master. The next moment a thin jet of acrid acid hit the loud aggressor full in the face. Dave Hen Jackson dropped unconscious on the kitchen floor. Sam had used his weapon only after fair warning but at the end with terrific effect.

It has always seemed to me to be one of the grave injustices of life that my Grandmother, a farm woman with great pride in her kitchen, decided unalterably that the skunk must be killed. This was partly because the whole family had to move out for a week.

For many years down in the big meadow below the red barn there was a little wooden headstone over his grave. It finally rotted away and now few people remember good-natured, tolerant, brave little Sam who lived on Chestnut Ridge for three happy years at the turn of the century.

Today men are beginning to take the rattlesnake and skunk out of their fields and woodland homes, breed them in farms for their fur and for their meat. We who know them both prefer them in their natural environment attending to their own affairs, quietly on a summer's evening, bothering nobody, dining on the pests which destroy the farmer's crops.

Both of these Americans are intelligent, friendly, tolerant. Yet when thoroughly aroused, the patter of a skunk's forefeet and the whirr of a rattler give warning far and near that good nature and amiability can sometimes be pressed too far.

In times like this when treachery and aggression disturb the world, it is good to know there are two woodland people who carry their weapons for defense purposes only, who will fight back only if attacked and then fight fairly. We need more men in the world who, because of their character, can honestly be called a rattlesnake or a skunk.

There Burns a Light

(Continued from page 25)

the words spoken in clear and ringing tones by youngsters whose knowledge of their subject, quick thinking, ready wit, and platform performance could well be the envy of veteran orators and statesmen, the event gave those who sat in the audience or listened to the radio broadcast a new pride in American youth and a new pride in America. The subjects were, conforming to the rules laid down by the Legion's National Americanism Commission, based on the Constitution of the United States and its relation to the individual. Those who sat in the auditorium of The Citadel's students' activities building that evening could, in their mind's eye, see clearly limned on the stage, burning in a pure and steady flame, a reflection of the light that was kindled at Philadelphia in 1787 when the founding fathers met to frame the basic law upon which our nation rests. America is safe as long as its young men and women feed that flame and keep its light shining.

THE judges, whose names were kept secret until after the final oration had been delivered and who had not been told who were their colleagues, were Colonel S. J. Williams, Professor of History at The Citadel; G. L. Buist Rivers, Charleston attorney; Julius E. Schroeder,

President of the First Federal Savings and Loan Association; Miss Mary Var-drine McBee, Principal of Ashley Hall, and the Rev. Dr. Walter C. Davis, Pastor of the St. Matthew's Lutheran Church.

According to the set rules, and conforming strictly to the letter, the finalists delivered a prepared oration of not less than ten nor more than twelve minutes. After the completion of the round of prepared orations each orator drew a subject relating to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights on which he was required to speak extemporaneously for not less than four nor more than six minutes, with no preparation other than a five-minute respite for reflection and to marshal his thoughts into some logical form. That feature was designed to test the speaker's knowledge of the Constitution and the extent of research into that document.

The required extemporaneous speech was the supreme test, and it was there that young Church scored heavily—he drew the Fifth Amendment relating to judicial procedure and, forecasting the coming legal luminary, handled the subject like a master. Proctor drew the First Amendment, the civil liberties section; Miss Anderson spoke on the Tenth Amendment, the rights and powers reserved to the States and to the people.

McBath also drew the Fifth Amendment for his extemporaneous talk.

The arrangements for the finals at Charleston were under the direct charge of William D. Schwartz, Jr., a Past Department Commander of South Carolina and for many years a member of the National Americanism Commission. He was given the enthusiastic support of the Department organization, Department Commander Cecil Morris and the two Legion Posts in Charleston. These Posts were represented officially by their Commanders at all of the functions leading up to the finals—Commander Rudolph J. Ortmann of Charleston Post, and Commander John Donnell of Palmetto Post. Homer L. Chaillaux, Director of the National Americanism Commission, was called upon by Chairman Schwartz to preside during the competition.

HONORS were paid to the young speakers when they arrived in the city on Friday morning. They were received by Mayor Henry W. Lockwood; visited General Charles P. Summerall, President of The Citadel; toured the Navy Yard as guests of Rear Admiral William H. Allen; took a boat trip around the Harbor to Fort Sumter and other historic points; motored to the incomparable gardens; reviewed a dress parade of the

cadets at The Citadel ordered by General Summerall as a compliment to the Legion contestants and to seven hundred members of the South Carolina Scholastic Press Association then gathered for their annual meeting on the college campus. It was a bit dazzling, particularly to Church and McBath, who a couple of days before had passed through a snowstorm in the Northwest.

"The National Oratorical Contest is a major national event," said Legionnaire Schwartz, "and it is growing in importance each year. It is not only the high school youths who participate in the several competitions who are benefited, but the educational value of the program is so broad and so far-reaching that its importance in the life of our nation can hardly be overestimated.

"This is the fourth year that the contest has been held; three fine, upstanding young men are in college preparing themselves for active and useful lives as beneficiaries of this contest. We do not know how many more have been inspired to go on to college work. Even that is worth while, but each year as the competition has broadened thousands and thousands of young people, and their elders, too, have had some direct contact with the program, have felt its educative influence, and have been helped in one way or another.

"It is interesting to note," he continued, "Just how this oratorical contest ties in with another great Americanism program carried on by The American Legion.

"That program is Boys' State, a practical laboratory in the workings of a democratic form of government where some thousands of high school youths each year are given practical lessons in local and State government. It is there they learn by doing. It was no surprise to me, then, when I learned that the three boys who were the pick and choice of the more than a hundred thousand oratorical contestants in 1941 attended the 1940 Boys' State in their home Departments—Church in Idaho; McBath in South Dakota, and Proctor in North Carolina."

THE growth of the program has been phenomenal. In 1938 four Departments joined in an oratorical contest, with approximately 11,000 high school boys and girls enrolled; then for the first time the program began to assume the proportions of a major national effort. That year the finals were held at the University of Oklahoma, at Norman, and top award went to John Janson of Phoenix, Arizona. He is now a student at the University of Arizona, which his scholarship permitted him to attend.

During the following year, 1939, the

number of participating Departments was increased to twenty and the number of contestants to about 24,000. The national finals were held at Springfield, Illinois, the home town of Abraham Lincoln and the place of his burial. There, in a stiff competition, Fletcher Padgett, Jr., of Saluda, South Carolina, was awarded the first place. He is now a student at Wofford College at Spartanburg, South Carolina, but took a leave of absence from his studies long enough to attend the 1941 finals at Charleston. There is proof of continuing interest.

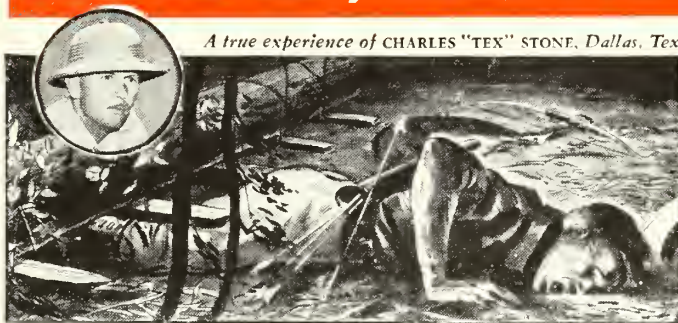
The program really got under way in 1940 when forty Departments adopted it officially and 62,000 contestants were entered.

The 1940 finals were held in historic old Faneuil Hall at Boston, Massachusetts, where from the rostrum in that Cradle of Liberty four youngsters raised their fresh young voices in forensic battle. The winner of first place was Thomas Haggerty of Rosedale, New York, who is now attending St. Francis College in the city of Brooklyn, New York.

It is not too much to hope—it is even expected—there will be a one hundred percent participation in 1942, and the goal of a quarter of a million contestants is not beyond the possibility of actual accomplishment. There, Legionnaires, is a real program!

FANGS BARED, THE JUNGLE BEASTS CROUCHED TO SPRING!

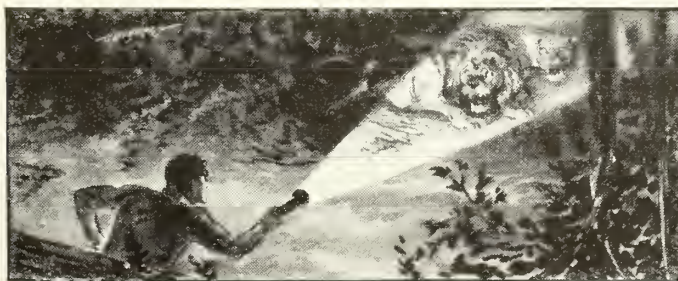
A true experience of CHARLES "TEX" STONE, Dallas, Texas, world's foremost hunter of big game with bow and arrows



1 "RETURNING FROM A HUNTING TRIP in the African bush one night," writes Mr. Stone, "I stopped to re-set a heavy log trap. Putting aside the haunch of meat I was carrying, I lifted the deadfall. Suddenly the log fell, pinning me flat!



2 "THEN I HEARD A LION ROAR! It had followed the scent of the fresh meat! As I worked frantically to free myself, there was a stealthy rustle in the underbrush! I thought of my flashlight... switched it on...



The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

3 "TWO ENORMOUS LIONS stood snarling at me... ready to spring! But the piercing beam held them at bay. Digging frantically at the soft earth. I finally got free of the trap. Thanks to those dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries, I was soon back at camp.

(Signed) Charles "Tex" Stone



NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

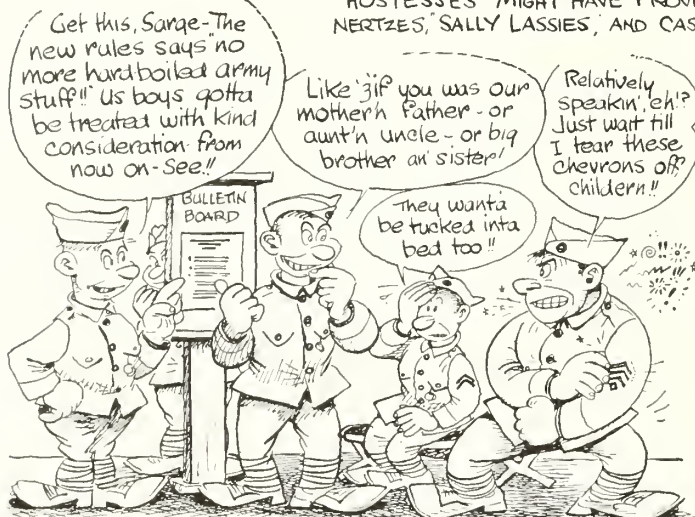
JUST SUPPOSING

By Wallgren

WE WERE JUST WONDERING HOW SOME OF THE NEW REGULATIONS, AND CONVENIENCES, ENJOYED BY THE SELECTEE ARMY TODAY WOULD HAVE WORKED IN OUR DAY... IN THE A.E.F.



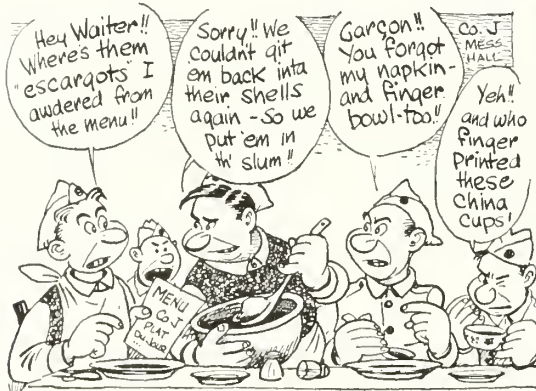
"HOSTESSES" MIGHT HAVE PROVED SUPERFLUOUS - CONSIDERING ALL THE "WHY" GIRLS, CROSS RED NERTZES, SALLY LASSIES, AND CASEY CUTIES, BESIDES THE YEOMANETTES, ETC. WE HAD WITH US



OUR TOUGH OLD "NON-COMS" WOULDN'T HAVE LIKED THIS ORDER ANY BETTER THAN THEY DO IN THE NEW ARMY - WE GUESS.



THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN JUST PEACHY - BUT, PERSONALLY, WE'D RATHER TOTE A DUFFEL BAG AROUND ANY DAY.



IMAGINE OUR K.P.'S "WAITING" ON TABLE - LIKE THEY DO IN SOME OUTFITS WE KNOW OF, TODAY....



"ELECTRIC KITCHENS" MIGHT HAVE BEEN O.K. FOR THE ARTILLERY - ON ACCT OF THEY COULD HAVE RUN THEM ON THEIR OWN "BATTERIES" -?



WITH K.P. "WAITERS" THE MESS HALL MIGHT HAVE DEVELOPED INTO A "RESTAURANT" RACKET..



THE NEW MILITARY COURTESY RULES WOULD HAVE BEEN HIGHLY RESENTED BY SOME.



"ISSUE BEER - LIKE THEY HAVE FOR SALE IN CANTEENS TODAY - WOULD'VE BEEN A BOON.

To Consecrate AND Sanctify OUR Comradeship...

(Continued from page 3)

inquire, when the call comes in, whether the injured victim of a highway collision is a Legion member. The ambulance will serve whenever it is needed, and whoever needs it.

There is a flood in New England, or somewhere in the Mississippi basin. A dam goes out in California. A tornado sweeps across southern Georgia. A great fire wipes out a community. In any event, there is loss of life and destruction of property. Things look black—but there remains the Legion.

DISASTER! The word goes out, and the Legion responds. Donning their Legion caps as identification, the Legionnaires go into immediate action. First-aid stations are established. A feeding station is improvised and hot food and drink are provided both victims and rescuers. Ruins are searched. Patrols are established to prevent looting. Stations are taken for the direction of traffic. From distant Posts, trucks come rolling in with needed supplies of food, bedding and clothing, to meet the particular emergency.

Home town heroes? No—they don't feel that way. The Legionnaires don't stop to realize they have—again—been “sanctifying their comradeship by devotion to mutual helpfulness.”

Provision of toxin-anti-toxin for all children of an area, that they may be saved from the clutching terror of the dread diphtheria, is quite as much a devotion to mutual helpfulness as is sending a single child from the city slums for a summer vacation at a fresh-air camp.

Procuring a position for a single jobless veteran, or carrying the burden of proving to industry that men “over forty” deserve consideration in continuance of employment—both exemplify the Legion's understanding of this article from the Preamble.

There has not been a single instance related here but could be duplicated a thousand times over.

There is not a community in this land but depends—and can depend—upon its Legion Post doing the right thing at the needed time.

The American Legion today is the great organization it has become—great in numbers, great in power, great in its record of good deeds—because the Legion continues “to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.”



919 COLLEGE STUDENTS QUIZZED!

3 out of 5 prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

567 out of 919 College Students prefer the delicious flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. This is what an independent fact-finding organization found in a recent test with 919 college students throughout the country.

For the test, various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. Students were given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and were asked to report which stick they

preferred. 3 out of 5 students said they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands.

Enjoy this popular, long-lasting peppermint flavor yourself. Get some Beech-Nut Gum in the yellow package.

The yellow package
with the red oval . . .



... with the
preferred flavor

Dairyland awaits you

(Continued from page 27)

with the State ranking third in importance. Butter prices furnish the basis for determining the price of other dairy products, likewise the size of the farmer's milk check. The dairyman receives fifty percent of his income from his milk.

Canning of milk gives Wisconsin its world market, because it has the largest evaporated milk plants found anywhere, producing 28 percent of all condensery products manufactured in the United States. This process has brought health-giving milk to the most remote corners of the universe under well-known national brand names. Powdered milk, from which only the moisture has been removed, forms the output of many additional factories. Another product, casein, is made from Wisconsin milk, and is finding increasing use in the coating of fine papers and in plastic products.

Just as the chinch-bug defeated Wisconsin's wheat growing, so the dairy industry has its destructive enemies, principally bovine tuberculosis and Bang's disease. This time, however, the hardy farmers did not give up and turn to something else. They routed the enemy, using every facility of science.

The Wisconsin Department of Agriculture and the agricultural college of the University of Wisconsin, with the help of the Federal Government, tackled a vicious problem.

At the present time bovine tuberculosis is all but completely eliminated in Wisconsin herds, and the general infection of Bang's disease has been reduced to two percent. True, it was no easy task to educate the dairymen as to the value of scientific control and eradication measures, but eventually they became sold on the idea. Any movement today to protect cattle health is received with open arms.

Thus enlightened and encouraged, dairy farmers today are sanitation-minded. Cattle repose in spotless, well-ventilated barns. The milking machine has come into general use, and the cooling and separating are done in immaculate milk houses, where the valued fluid goes into sterilized cans for delivery to the cheese factory, the condensery, the creamery or ice cream plant.

Going beyond the mere matter of sanitation, Wisconsin has a gigantic program in progress to assure the best in quality in its dairy products. State agencies and the university are coöperating in

a rigid system of inspecting and grading, aided by numerous counties in a campaign of farm and factory education. Farmers and plant operators coöperate willingly, because they are alert to the results—new markets for Wisconsin dairy products and increasing farm income. It means that Wisconsin is setting the pace for the advancement of dairying throughout the nation.

MILWAUKEE, the convention city, although it has vast and diversified industries that dwarf the dairying angle and its appellation, the "Cream City," boasts 26 ice cream plants, many of them nationally prominent, nine big creameries, and about a dozen large-scale distributors of fluid milk and cream.

Thus, when the Legionnaire, the Auxiliary member or the Forty and Eighter has visited Wisconsin, he has indeed been in "America's Dairyland." If he is fortunate enough to tour the State, he will have seen not only these verdant farms, but seven thousand lakes, millions of forested acres, numerous fast flowing rivers, thriving industrial cities powered in many cases by roaring water power dams, scenes of the white man's earliest entry into the middlewest, 500 miles of Great Lakes shoreline. . . . Yes, a State fundamentally stable, economically substantial, and certainly emblematic of the ambitions of the pioneers of the Northwest Territory to demonstrate democracy at its best.

Here they come! Report!

(Continued from page 7)

Interceptor Commanders the names of Department Commanders in their respective area. Immediately he sent a Legion liaison officer to Washington to secure detailed instructions. From Washington, which in true Washington style seemed really afraid to say out loud that the Legion had been selected for a big job, the liaison officer was allowed to learn that the details were to be had only at Mitchel Field.

So he went to Mitchel Field, and at what seemed like long last to an impatient National Commander and an impatient million of Legionnaires, found the spot where things were being done, and men who were not afraid to talk. General Emmons, commanding GHQ Air Force, had received the green light. Maps, forms, printed instructions which had been made ready over weeks of strenuous work could now be released. The Air Force, through its four Interceptor Commands, was ready to ask the Legion to locate and organize 100,000 observation posts for AWS, and to tell the Legion exactly how the job must be done to function smoothly.

In a large military operation it is not necessary for the private to know what the general is planning. In the United States and other free countries, it has been demonstrated that the private is a better fighter if he does know something of what it is all about, and why his effort is essential to the whole great operation. In the defense of America in the air, GHQ Air Force wants The American Legion to know what it is asked to do, and why Bill and his partner on observation post 32-E are utterly and completely important and essential to the job.

THE defense of America in the air is no small or simple task. No one can say today how many planes, how many anti-aircraft guns, how many balloon barrages there will be. GHQ Air Force can say about how each unit will operate. It has divided the United States into four areas, which are not to be confused with any other army or corps areas. They are areas designed for air defense command purposes.

Commanding each area, under General Emmons, is a major general. Under

each of those major generals are two brigadier generals, commanding respectively the Bomber Command and the Interceptor Command. To the Interceptor Command, among other things, is entrusted the Aircraft Warning Service, the eyes and ears of air defense, the means by which the movements of enemy aircraft are to be observed, reported, tracked and followed. Upon this knowledge of enemy force and movement rests the whole structure of air defense and many other national defense activities.

The Area Commanders are: First Air Force, Major General James E. Chaney, Mitchel Field, Long Island, N. Y.; Second Air Force, Major General John F. Curry, Fort Wright, Spokane, Washington; Third Air Force, Major General Barton K. Yount, Tampa, Florida; Fourth Air Force, Major General Jacob E. Fickel, Riverside, California.

The limits of the four Air Force areas and the Interceptor Brigadier General in command of each are as follows:

First Air Force—All States east of the western boundaries of Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri and north of the southern

boundaries of Missouri, Kentucky and Virginia, with a small slice of northeastern North Carolina. Brigadier General John C. McDonnell.

Second Air Force—All States west of First Air Force area to include Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Oregon, Wyoming and States north of them. Brigadier General Carlyle H. Wash.

Third Air Force—All States south of First Air Force area as far west as the eastern borders of Texas and Oklahoma. Brigadier General Walter H. Frank.

Fourth Air Force—States of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California. Brigadier General Willard F. Harmon.

Within the four areas are smaller geographical units, called Regions, twenty-five of them in the U. S. A. Each region has an Information Center for Aircraft Warning and other purposes. There are some 65 sub-centers called Filter Centers, serving the Information Centers. The location of Information and Filter Centers comes under the heading of data the Air Corps would rather not publish. It is to the Filter Centers that messages from the Observation Posts of AWS will be routed by the telephone companies.

To establish a net-work of Observation Posts and a method of reporting and charting plane movements quickly, Air Defense Command started with a map. Knowing that an observer without a

telephone was no observer at all, it then called in the Bell Telephone System, which agreed to make its complete facilities available and thereby save Air Defense Command the time and cost of building a new telephone system. On the whole Bell System, AWS calls will have priority in time of emergency. As a start for locating Observation Posts, Bell System took U. S. Geological Survey maps of every township in the United States and marked on every square mile a cross or a circle—a cross if there is one or more telephones in that section, a circle if there is none.

Air Defense Command then took the maps and studied them for elevations, water, forests, mountains, swamps, deserts and so on. It selected the spots where an observation post would serve the best purpose, but omitted spots where the circles showed no telephone facility. At the selected spots it put a blue circle one mile in diameter. Within that circle, at a telephone, it wants an O. P.

The next move was made in certain Northeastern States reasonably handy to Mitchel Field, where the trial work was done. The American Legion was requested to mark every Legion Post on a state map, using just the number of the Post. Air Defense thereupon selected Legion Posts located near the center of groups of its blue circles, and called those Legion Posts supervisor centers.

Then through Legion channels it said: "Legion, will you work out from each designated Legion Post and locate for us an Observation Post in each blue circle area, at a telephone? Will you secure from the phone owner permission to use that phone, day or night, for O. P. purposes when and if needed? Will you then designate a Chief Observer for that O. P.? Will you supervise him and see that he designates a first and second deputy chief observer, and a corps of observers for the O. P.? Will you do all this according to the instructions and forms inclosed, and try to save time and correspondence by sticking to the letter of these instructions?"

Of course Legion said yes, and Legion, in almost every instance, complied to the letter. The problems arising for Legion to solve we shall discuss farther along. As Legion complied, there went out to designated persons the "Instructions to Chief Observers" and "Instructions to Observers."

On a nation-wide basis of organization there is no assurance that Legion Post numerals will continue to be used for that purpose. In addition to this public number designation, the O. P. will later get another, a secret code designation. To observers went their orientation cards and flash message forms, and when they had learned their instructions, the trial network was ready to

(Continued on page 46)

HOME RUN . . .
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

OLD DRUM
BLENDED WHISKEY

OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

"YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!"

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 and 86 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

Here they come! Report!

(Continued from page 45)

function. Based upon this practical instructional experience in several corps areas, Legion personnel is now the spearhead around which State and Community Aircraft Warning Services are forming in every State, every city and town, every rural area, this summer. Organizational activities are necessarily farther advanced thus far along the coastal regions than inland. The more remote areas of the middle of the country will be the last to receive data.

One reason for sticking to the letter of the Air Defense Command instructions in locating Observation Posts is that the location of each post relates to the location of others. Hence if the committee from Legion Post 32 in the State of X had decided, in its own wisdom, that there was a much better place for O. P. "E" a couple of miles west of the blue circle, instead of within the circle, and had reported back the more satisfactory looking spot, five or ten or twenty other locations would have had to be changed. The general idea is to give to each O. P. a range of territory commensurate with the distance the eye can see and the ear can hear under average normal conditions. That would mean posts about six miles apart, on the average.

On the average, however, can be a very misleading term. What, you may ask, about mountain ranges or deserts or swamps where there is no telephone for fifty or a hundred miles? The answer is that such areas, where no O. P. can be located within the area, will be pretty well surrounded by the other kind. When the AWS is at work, Air Defense Command will know when planes pass into one of those areas, and when they pass out of it.

There are numerous other phases of the AWS plan in which "average" means only that, and not "uniform." The general plan has been made to take in all sorts of specialized conditions. The average situations which it is possible to describe here apply to most places, and the general rule must stand for the Legion: "Carry out the Air Defense Command instructions to the letter."

Air Defense Command did not try to tell The American Legion how it should go about locating Observation Posts and selecting Chief Observers, deputies, and observers, but it did say that Observation Posts must be within the designated circles if possible, that observers must have good eyesight, hearing, and common sense judgment, and that two observers on duty at a time at a post was the best set-up. On a trial and error basis, the organization has worked best in about the following fashion:

A Legion Post designated for organizing purposes would get its map with its blue circles, and find that it had from two to ten O. P.'s to locate at distances up to maybe twelve miles from the Legion Post. The Post Commander would name a committee to do the work, and each blue circle would be assigned to one or more committee members. They would proceed to the location on the map, see what spot within the circle had the best visibility and where such a spot was at a telephone whose owner would cooperate. There the O. P. would be located. It might be in a city or town, it might be in the deep country. Next came the selection of a Chief Observer. Pretty certainly he would be a Legionnaire, known to be a man of judgment and having the respect of his neighbors.

NEXT came the selection of his deputies, and of enough observers to man the post, day and night, in any emergency. The number of observers is not a fixed thing, but Air Defense Command suggests that three-hour shifts at night and four hours by day be the maximum. It is rather difficult to remain alert very much longer, and furthermore these volunteers have other things in their lives besides their O. P. duty and should not be asked for unnecessary sacrifice or discomfort.

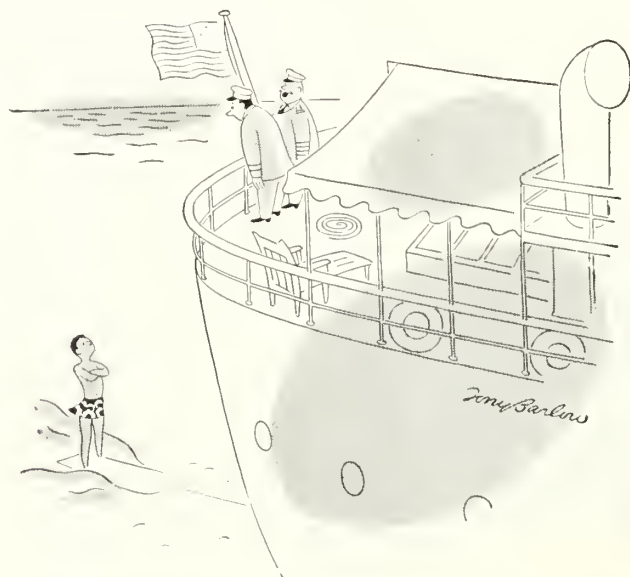
Any number might be on duty at once, but two is enough. You just cannot do O. P. duty and play bridge or poker at the same time. Observers may be and frequently are women. Boys, especially Boy Scouts, are keen for this duty. They can do it, too, and do it well, but

it is suggested that posts be not left with only boy observers. A man and a boy make a good team. Experience indicates that in organizing O. P.'s and their personnel the Chief Observers will find difficulty in the large, not the small, number of volunteers.

At one village in the New-England test area, 160 volunteers offered their services. The listed population of the village is 162. One man is blind and one stone deaf. Organizing committees may have to help their Chief Observers in the selection of observers, using care, tact and discretion. No one knows until it is tried how many public-spirited Americans are yearning for a chance to do some definite, personal bit of service to the national defense. Perhaps all too many will want immediately to wear the buttons and brassards which are planned as insignia of the AWS.

The detailed instructions of the duties of Chief Observers and observers cannot of course be complete secrets, but it is just as well not to publish them widely. The system must be kept clear of fifth columnists and of persons of erratic judgment whose misplaced enthusiasms might interfere with smooth operations. The only closed secrets will be certain codes which will go to the right people when they have volunteered and been selected for duty.

There is another phase of volunteer duty with the AWS which has not been entrusted to the Legion. That is the young women who will serve in the Filter Centers and Information Centers of the Air Defense Command. The Legion will only help recruit these young women



"It's not a stowaway and it's not salvage but if he's there another day, make it a towing charge."

if it may in some cases be asked to do so. They must, universally, be young and healthy and intelligent. The work is really strenuous and women over 25 years of age will find it hard to take. In a Boston experimental test a group of Junior League girls proved especially efficient, able to learn quickly, work accurately, and relax between alerts to take off the strain. It is very fast, meticulous, trying work, but fun when you get into it.

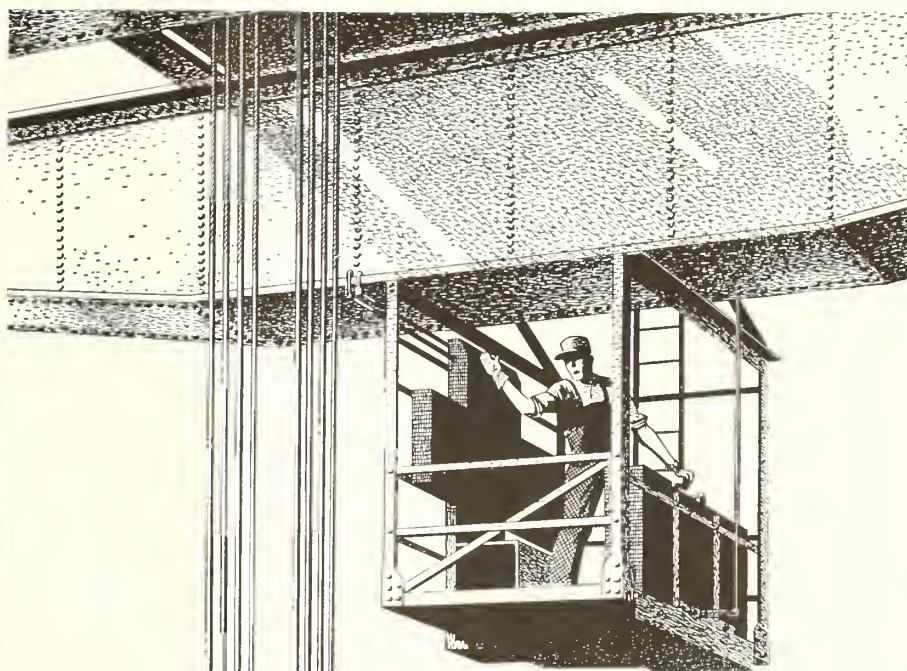
Once AWS is fully organized the Army may undertake some further tests of its capacity. Between now and August, at least, there will probably be no test operations. The net work of O. P. must be organized and the selected personnel will just have to be patient and stand by until demonstrations may be in order. This of course assumes the U. S. A. is not attacked in the meantime. As it is, AWS will get plenty to do.

There are a number of refinements to the AWS service which will also await development until the organization phase is complete. One of them is the study by observers of the types of airplanes. The Army has ready, but will not release under peace conditions, silhouettes of all types of planes of all principal countries having large air forces.

For efficient operation, however, it is not necessary that observers report anything but the number of planes observed and if possible the number of motors on each aircraft. Filter and Information Centers will know the location of all U. S. A. planes. If they are not ours they will of necessity be enemy planes.

The flash message quoted at the outset of this article is based on the new forms approved by Air Defense Command. They are somewhat altered, as are other details of the AWS operations, from the forms used in the American Legion booklet "In Time of Disaster," issued late in 1940. At this writing it can only be said that the approved army forms and practice are going to the organizing committees, the Chief Observers, and the observers as fast as the organization work advances.

Until each step reaches each part of the United States, American Legion Department Commanders and Department Adjutants are obliged to await, with what patience they can muster, the word from the Interceptor Commands of their areas, the Posts must wait to hear from the department or county commanders, and the restless John Q. Legionnaire who has been waiting to get his teeth into some phase of national defense action may have a few weeks yet to wait before he can get under way as a part of the AWS set-up. But his day is much closer than it was before Washington told GHQ Air Force to organize the air defense of the United States and to proceed with the recruitment of volunteers to make Aircraft Warning Service a reality.



"HEADS UP!"



Give 'em room—they're moving! Cranemen swinging their giant loads of tank frames and turbine castings . . . operators of massive presses thumping out parts for guns and motors . . . workmen lit by the flare of electric welding—moving to the quick beat of the punch press, to the rumble of the conveyor, to the whine of the whirling lathe. Things are rolling today in America's factories.

Action—that's what we're getting—from the world's best workmen and the world's best production machinery. For the American workman of today is a superman compared with his counterpart of only a few decades ago. Industry has given him as helpers mechanical strong men in the form of power tools and machines. These multiply his effective strength; they help him to produce more—better—faster.

Men and machines—they've made the American standard of living the highest in the world. Now, working together as never before, they're making the things we need to defend that American standard.

Heads up! Industry is on its way — meeting the urgent requirements of the immediate present.

Today, as for the past 60 years, General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen are finding new ways to apply electricity to multiply the strength of the American workman's muscles—to increase his efficiency—to make America secure. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

952-210N2-211

Teamwork

(Continued from page 9)

job making deliveries for Legs Simpson, a bootlegger who used to operate around our block. That was before prohibition was repealed, you remember."

"Yes," Henry Allan nodded. "I remember . . ."

He remembered the dull pound of anger in his temples and his surprise that his voice was so calm, saying, "If you make that recommendation, Dr. Ingraham, I shall go before the City Council with information I happen to possess as to why you received your new appointment just in time to be able to retire, next year, on a principal's pension instead of an assistant's."

What there was of color in Ingraham's sere countenance had drained from it and he'd become suddenly an old man, old and somehow pathetic. His career stemmed from the time when advancement in the system depended on political pull rather than merit and he'd seen no wrong in using that pull one last time. "You—you wouldn't do that to me," he had whispered, unable to more than whisper.

"Have I any right to do anything else," Allan had asked softly, "in justice to my conscience?" and then, when the wordless gesture of a blue-veined hand had acknowledged defeat, he'd said, "You'll have no trouble with John Foster from now on, I promise you. . . ."

GRANT chuckled again. "I bust out bawling when you told us everything was all right. You gave me a pat on the back and chased me the hell out of there, but you walked home with Johnny."

"It was a comfortable home he took me to, nicely furnished, neat, well managed. But Foster had a younger sister who'd been paralyzed from infancy and the effort to make up for the cruel trick Fate had played on her absorbed the whole life of the family. What was wrong with John was that his personality being so submerged at home, he over-emphasized aggressiveness elsewhere. Well, it was too late to do anything about the family set-up but I worked with the boy and I've always hoped that before he graduated I'd gotten him to understand that coöperation with others, as well as the maintenance of one's individuality, is the key to successful living in a democratic society."

"Teamwork, boys," Grant quoted, grinning, "is as important in the game of life as on the basketball court." If I heard you say that once that term, I heard you say it a hundred times."

"And I'm still—" Allan broke off as the shortest of the three board mem-

bers rapped sharply on a desk and called out, in the thin, high tones of a portly, middle-aged business man trying to be military, "Attention, gentlemen. Please answer to your names."

For a moment longer Henry Allan's thoughts clung to the recollections the name of Johnny Foster had touched off. After he'd taken over Ingraham's desk he'd treated every pupil the teachers had sent down to him in the way Foster should have been treated from the first. He'd talked with the parents, had visited the homes if necessary, had studied every facet of each boy's background and personality till he'd learned exactly how to accomplish a permanent adjustment.

Piled on top of the numberless other details of his job, this had meant long hours of work, evenings, weekends, but he was young and vigorous and could endure it. He was in the prime of life . . . "Bailey." The board member called the roll. "Carlsen. Fagnani. . . ."

Well, Allan reminded himself, that would all be over and done with soon. As soon as a reply came to the application he'd sent to Washington last week. "Grant!"

"Present," William Grant snapped, and relaxed. A clangor of gongs came in from the corridor and beyond the walls of this room, the school came alive with a rush of small feet, a shrillness of childish voices. Henry Allan put his hand on Grant's shoulder. "That means I've got to get to work. Good luck, my boy."

"Thanks, Mr. Allan. Thanks and good-bye."

"Maybe not good-bye, son. Don't be surprised if I turn up somewhere along the line, giving you orders." It was Allan's turn to chuckle. "There may be a letter waiting for me in my office, right now . . ."

It was there, a long envelope unopened on top of the pile of official mail Miss Corbin had placed on his desk, the printed penalty notice in the

corner where ordinary letters bear a cancelled stamp. Allan's fingers trembled a bit with eagerness to reach for it but his clerk, prim in black, high-collared about a scrawny neck, was putting before him the teachers' time-sheet to sign.

"Mrs. Mornay telephoned that she has a cold and will not be in. You were late," she informed him, coldly disapproving, "and so I took it on myself to call up that Miss Jordan who did so well substituting in 4B3 last month."

"Quite right." You'll be looking down your long nose at someone else next week, my lady. "Quite as I should have wished." And I'll be in uniform, doing man's work among men. "Now, if you'll permit me to look over my mail . . ."

"There's nothing of special importance, Mr. Allan, and Mrs. Johnson has been waiting since twenty to nine. She left her baby in a neighbor's care. I promised that you'd talk with her as soon as you came in."

"Mrs. Johnson," Allan blinked up at her, his mind far afield. "Who—?"

"Benjamin Johnson's mother, the imp who stuck an inked penpoint into the hand of the boy sitting in front of him, in Room 218. You had me write her to come in."

"Ah, yes. Benjamin couldn't explain why he did that. He had nothing against the other boy, just had a sudden impulse to hurt him. It will be interesting to discover what is behind that impulse."

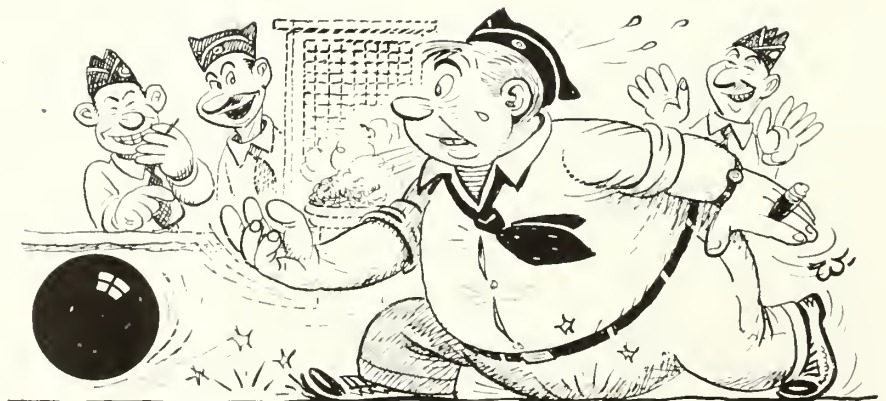
"Plain cussedness was behind it." The tip of Leila Corbin's nose twitched like a rabbit's. "Dr. Ingraham would have had his mother whale him within an inch of his life—"

"You seem never to have quite realized," Allan interrupted, "that I am the assistant principal here, not the shade of Dr. Ingraham, and that his methods are not mine." He'd almost miss these little brushes, repeated in one form or another every time a case of discipline came up. "I will see Mrs. Johnson in a moment."

The Corbin woman rustled away to her own desk. Allan picked up the War Department envelope, ripped it open. The sheet he drew out shook a little as he unfolded it. The letter was dated yesterday;

Sir:

With reference to your letter of the



twelfth inst., your grade eligible for appointment in the Officers Reserve Corps is that of First Lieutenant, the highest grade held by you during prior service. Unfortunately, however, you are beyond the maximum age for appointment in that grade in any section of the Officers Reserve Corps.

Your patriotic offer of service is appreciated and your letter has been filed with your record.

Very truly yours,

C. S. ADAMS, Major General
The Adjutant General

The paper was crumpled into a tight ball in Henry Allan's hand. He did not recall doing that. The bookcases along the wall blurred and the bust of Dante seemed to smirk down at him, mockingly. The chalk dust in the close, dead air he breathed choked him. . . . A tramp of marching feet was muffled in the corridor outside, the ratatat of a typewriter drowned it out.

"Miss Corbin," Allan croaked.

The typewriter stopped and Leila Corbin looked across at him. "I'm an old man," he told her. "Do you know that I'm an old man, Miss Corbin?"

"Nonsense." The tip of her nose started twitching. "You're only forty-six. You're in the prime of life."

"No, Miss Corbin. I'm old. I'm too old to serve my country." She stared at him and the tip of her nose twitching faster; she looked like a frightened rabbit with black fur and a gray scalp. "I'm not even a man. I'm just a superannuated schoolmarm in trousers."

"You mustn't say that, Mr. Allan." She was on her feet, coming toward him. "You—you're just tired out. You've been working too hard . . ."

"Precisely," Miss Corbin. His lips felt thin, tight. "I've been working much too hard. I'm too old to work so hard and I'm going to take it easy from now on. No more evenings. No more Saturdays and holidays—Fetch in Mrs. Johnson, Miss Corbin."

"But—"

His hand slapped down on the pile of papers in front of him. "Fetch in Mrs. Johnson. And you need not go out again, as I've taught you to do during my interviews with the boys' parents. I want you to stay in here and listen to what I tell her. I want you to hear me tell her to flog that son of hers within an inch of his vicious little life."

Leila Corbin looked startled, but there was in her faded eyes a gleam of covert triumph as she scurried to the door.

Henry Allan recalled a trick George Ingraham used to employ to put parents in a properly receptive frame of mind for his dicta. Flinging the War Department letter into the wastepaper basket, he picked up the next one on the pile.

"You may come in now, Mrs. Johnson."

Allan didn't look up as hesitant feet neared him. The paper in his hand was another unopened envelope, addressed to
(Continued on page 50)

**SHE'S not ashamed
of her
FALSE
TEETH
SMILE**





**THANKS TO
POLIDENT Beauty Bath**
Keeps Plates Like New—Without Brushing

**FALSE TEETH WEARERS
often worst breath offenders**

A dark film collects on plates and bridges, that soaks up odors and impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't even reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it *but others will!* Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film—leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!



POLIDENT
Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing!
Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to 1/2 glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

75 Public Spirited Posts are Helping Fight INFANTILE PARALYSIS

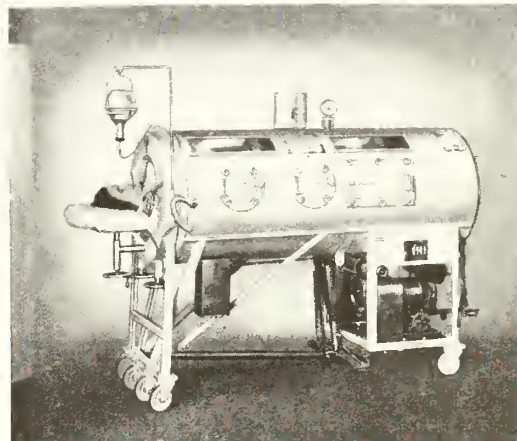
with the

EMERSON "IRON LUNG"

Perhaps the most worth-while public spirited project you could sponsor for your community.

Approved by the American Medical Association.

For prolonged resuscitation in cases of Infantile Paralysis and emergencies.



The J. H. Emerson Company will arrange public or private demonstrations of its Respirator ("Iron Lung"), or its Resuscitator (which is being bought by Legion Posts for Police and Fire Departments and Hospitals) in any community in the United States . . . without obligation . . . and will assist Posts planning a fund-raising campaign by exhibiting equipment, providing information, literature, publicity material, etc.

For Free Information Write to the

J. H. EMERSON COMPANY

RESUSCITATION HOSPITAL EQUIPMENT

22 COTTAGE PARK AVENUE • CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Teamwork

(Continued from page 49)

him in a bold scrawl. The feet came to a stop in front of his desk, shuffled uneasily. He opened the envelope. It was empty. No. A small slip of paper dropped out—a small mimeographed clipping.

This would do to keep the Johnson woman waiting. It was poorly, amateurishly done. It was headed, *Co. B Blattings*.

Supply Sergeant Cassoway [the smaller type began] is going to have to issue bigger hats to the Second Platoon since one of that outfit was picked as the first trainee from this camp to go to Officers Training School.

We think Capt. Geraghty's explanation of the selection worth while repeating for everyone to think about. "Others may have done better at the rifle butts and on the parade ground,"

he said at retreat last Friday. "Others of you may have displayed equal qualities of leadership. But the officers of the New Army must above everything else be able to teach their men, by example as well as precept, the proper balance between individual initiative and obedience to superior authority. It is through this spirit of perfect teamwork that we hope to make our forces superior to those of the dictatorships we may be called upon to meet, and it is in his understanding of this spirit that Private John Foster has shown himself outstanding."

The one word, teamwork, was underlined in ink.

Holding the slip very carefully down on his lap, Allan looked up at the deep-bosomed, workworn woman before him. "The lady told me what Benny done," she started at once. "I promise you that little rascal will catch it when his father

comes home from work tonight. He'll have to eat off the—"

"Just a minute, Mrs. Johnson." Allan's upraised hand dammed the spate of words. "Please make yourself comfortable in that chair." He watched her comply, raised his voice a little so that it would carry to the other desk. "Oh, Miss Corbin. Would you mind running upstairs and making sure that Miss Jordan is having no difficulty with Mrs. Mornay's class?"

The nosetip twitched furiously. The office door closed on an outraged rustle of taffeta petticoats. Henry Allan turned to Mrs. Johnson. "Let's have a little talk about Benjamin, shall we, before we decide what to do about him? You see, madam, you and I, we have a great responsibility in dealing with these children. Not only to them, but to the country that will be theirs in such a little while." His smile was a little wistful. "You are a woman, and I am too old to be a soldier, so we can't fight for America, but we can still serve her in this way. . . ."

Everybody **PLAY!**

(Continued from page 29)

these boys and girls who win local tournaments are sent to the national championships by the municipality. Sometimes they're on their own. How do they get places?

Several years ago, for instance, the championships were held at Randalls Island, New York City. This involved considerable traveling for most of the city winners. They came east by every means imaginable. By bus. By day coach, sitting up one, two and even three nights. By 1929 Fords, four or five of them, with bats and bags all piled in together. If you can imagine Bobby Riggs or the young gentlemen who play at Forest Hills traveling this way, your imagination needs an overhaul. They travel by the Mainliner or the Super Chief.

These public-parkers do their stuff without any of the frills and fripperies of big-time sport. They eat when and as they can, sometimes existing during the tournament on cokes and hot dogs. I've seen tennis officials out of sympathy buying boys a square meal. No trainers, masseurs or scouts line the sides of the court. Nor much of a crowd to watch, either. Two girls that year came to Randalls Island from Chicago. They'd journeyed all the way in a day coach and were travel-stained and weary on arrival. Tired? "Sure, we're tired, but we're all ready to play."

Several officials of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association came to help. Among

them was Ben Dwight, veteran umpire who has had charge of every big singles and Davis Cup match at Forest Hills ever since the second bounce was out in tennis. Once during those championships at Randalls Island some kid on court stopped play and questioned a decision. It was like questioning Bill Klem in the Series. "You don't know the rules," said the boy. Dwight nearly had apoplexy. Someone had to bring him three cock-tails before he could reply.

This particular tournament was finally won by a lad named Seymour Greenberg, a product of the public parks of Chicago. Now a boy who survives the grueling grind of a large municipal tournament, and then tops the sixty or so survivors of other cities in the national championships, has something on the ball. Greenberg was chosen by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association that year to be a member of their Junior Davis Cup squad, and taken over to the Challenge Round against the Australian team in Philadelphia. In much the same way, Albert E. Campbell, prominent in public links golf from Seattle, Washington, made the Walker Cup team which beat the British 9-0 in 1936. Frank Strafaci of Brooklyn, a public-links player who is now in the



"Aw, come on, Freddie! They're swell! Look, lots of shootin' and ridin'. You'll like it!"

Army won that event in the year 1935.

Do people really play in the public parks? You bet they do. In some cities, Washington, D. C., for instance, the majority of the leading players are all from public courts. Lots of our tennis cracks have started there, and at present two-thirds of the First Ten are usually products of the parks. Les Stoefer on his first try in 1927 reached the finals of the tournament. Elly Vines and Don Budge also learned the rudiments of the game on public courts. Dave Freeman, national junior champion in 1938, is a product of the public courts of Los Angeles. So is Miss Pauline Betz, who has a good chance to take over the spot as queen of the courts which Alice Marble gave up when she turned pro last winter. Miss Mary Arnold, prominent in First Ten circles, won the parks' title in 1934, while Bob Considine, national syndicated sportswriter, admits to being runner-up in singles and doubles champion of the parks in 1929.

What good does all this do, actually, practically? Well, a prominent official of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association remarked to me: "The public parks tennis courts just about saved the morale of the negro population of this city in '32 and '33."

The first of all public golf courses was at Franklin Park, Boston, Massachusetts. About 1888, George Wright of that city, who had played shortstop and managed the old Red Stockings, (he's an immortal in the Cooperstown Hall of Fame of baseball, with Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner and the others), was in the sporting-goods business. He received a catalogue from England with pictures of some queer sticks called golf clubs. He ordered a set and stuck them in the window. A Scotsman passing by saw them, and dropped in to explain the game. Accordingly, one Sunday Mr. Wright with the Scotsman, three friends and the bag of clubs went out to Franklin Park and laid out nine holes. The Boston Herald of December 13, 1890, has an article about this event, entitled, "Sampling A Royal Game." After commenting on the weather, it stated that for the first time on greater Boston grounds a golf match was contested. There followed a description of the match and the rules of the game.

Other municipalities fell into line. Pittsburgh had a municipal course in 1896, Chicago in 1898. Clubhouse facilities in all these places were non-existent. But the passing of time saw these defects overcome. In the '20s many cities spent large sums constructing good courses and suitable clubhouses for the use of the public who could not afford thousand-dollar initiation fees and dues running into three figures required by private golf clubs. By 1930, 179 municipalities in the United States had 272 public-fee courses, over which 18,000,000 rounds of golf were played annually.

(Continued on page 52)

Trim that Bulging

with the
BAUER & BLACK
Bracer
SUPPORTER BELT



Waistline



Take a look at your waistline! Can you boast a trim, athletic, well-groomed appearance?

Even a *little* bulge may be hurting your appearance, having an effect *even on how you feel*. That added girth can destroy the fit of your clothes . . . make you look older. And when you *look* that way . . . often you *feel* that way, too.

Brace up with the Bracer! This exclusive Bauer & Black supporter-belt is knit of "Lastex" yarn . . . has *two way stretch*. No roll—four removable stays at top. Soft, roomy, fly-front pouch. Tailored to fit. For extra support, extra coolness, try the Bracer Royal—costs slightly more. At department, drug, men's apparel and surgical stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you simply fill out and mail the coupon with a check or money order. Bracer—\$2.00 (in Canada—\$2.75); Bracer Royal—\$3.00 (Canada \$3.50).

BAUER & BLACK, Division of The Kendall Co.,
Dept. R-12, 2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
(In Canada: Leaside (Toronto), Ontario)

Enclosing check or money order for _____ Please send

Bracers. _____ Bracer Royals. Waist measurement is _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My dealer's name and address is _____

WANTED—MEN

to cast 5 and 10c Novelties, Toy Autos, Ashtrays, etc. Can be done in any spare room, basement or garage and no experience necessary. A rare opportunity for 1941, to devote spare or full time to profitable work. Write Dept. 9.

METAL CAST PRODUCTS CO.
1696 Boston Road New York City

RAIN INSURANCE

Legion posts and other promoters of outdoor events carry Rain Insurance indemnifying against loss of income or expense.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

Applications must be filed seven days prior to event. See Local Agent in your town, or address Rain Department, 209 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR LATEST ADDRESS?

Is the address to which this copy of THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE was mailed correct for all near future issues? If not, please fill in this coupon and mail THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, 777 No. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Until further notice, my mailing address for The American Legion Magazine is—

NEW ADDRESS

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

1941 MEMBERSHIP CARD NUMBER _____

POST No. _____ DEPT. _____
OLD ADDRESS

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Everybody **PLAY!**

(Continued from page 51)

This number rose to 700 courses ten years later. Although the total of private clubs attached to the U. S. Golf Association either decreased or remained static, public links grew fast. For country clubs everywhere were feeling the competition from these public courses where fees were only a dollar a day, minus membership dues and assessments. Moreover, the public clubhouses furnished dressing, bathing and eating accommodations. All this at one-tenth the price the snooty private clubs charged.

The same thing is true of tennis. In the last five years 8,000 new courts have been built for the use of the public, and 2,500 improved and reconditioned. Many were constructed in communities where no facilities existed before. Others were part of extensive park developments in cities and towns all over the nation. In certain sections like Florida where due to heat in summer daytime play is impossible, floodlights have been installed for night play. Many of these courts have already paid for themselves from the small fees charged. Typical of im-

proved conditions is Cincinnati, with 37 public courts in 1927 and 175 today.

Public parks' tennis, like golf, has had an effect on the private tennis clubs. Many have been forced to fold. They couldn't operate in regions where municipal facilities for play were made available. At present, National Recreation Association figures from 716 reporting cities give 11,617 public tennis courts, with over ten million players. In 249 cities, 146 9-hole and 212 18-hole golf courses are open, with more than eight million men and women playing. This is a sport for the millions. It's cheap. It's open to everyone. It's democratic. Therefore it's American.

This summer the Public Links Championship will be held at the Indian Canyon Golf Club, Spokane, Washington, and the Public Parks Tennis Championships on the courts at Minneapolis.

What are they like, these people who compete in public parks? The four semifinalists of last summer, like those in the 1939 meeting earlier described, come from all over the nation. And all good Americans. One was a metal polisher

from Utica, New York. One was an ex-caddie and automobile worker from Detroit. One worked for a rubber company in Denver, and the winner, Robert C. Clark of St. Paul is a salesman of medical supplies.

Golf officials who were at the 1940 tournament in Detroit, tell a story about one contestant who never got very far.

Howard Olsen of Tacoma, Washington, came on for his first tournament. In the qualifying round he was doing all right when he reached the 18th green and holed out. Picking up the ball he noticed it wasn't his. He glanced quickly about. Not a soul had observed the mistake. He knew that according to the rules of stroke competition he would incur a penalty of two strokes if this was known, and probably fail to qualify.

But: "This ball isn't mine," he said.

No one would have known about the error had he chosen to keep quiet. He needn't have said his piece and in fact you could hardly blame him if he hadn't. For he had traveled two thousand miles just to play in that tournament, and he risked being thrown out on a technicality before the tournament proper even started. He risked this simply because, well, because in the United States we play by the rules. Which would seem to make Mr. Olsen, who didn't go on to win the tournament, a pretty good American, playing a game in a good American way.

Quota

(Continued from page 13)

might have demanded, that he whacked thick hands together and cried, "It's a bet! And," he hastened, "I'll agree to get half of the quota next year by my own little self."

Winters leaned abruptly forward. "Fine! I'll ask all you lads to recall that to the Sailor next year. And now, in memory of our departed Chairman Offenbach, let me say this. I don't wish Al any hard luck, but I hope that he signs a receipt for a battery of cannons, and that a bridge busts when he's taking 'em across a deep river and that he has to pay for the cannons *and* the bridge." "You're just envious because you can't get back into the Army yourself," said a beaming Dozier. "Which is a break for the Army."

Comrade Winters lifted his spare frame out of the chair and drew himself up fully to his five feet, seven inches of height. He looked down at Comrade Dozier as if he were a large, strange animal that had just popped up from beneath the table. "Speaking of getting back in service, Sailor, before my membership campaign's over you'll wish you were back in the Navy!"

Soon Jason Winters was in his study at home, had put on his favorite bathrobe and was pacing up and down the carpeted floor.

"Now," he said grimly to himself, "all that you've got to do, Captain Winters, is to think fast. Just how, may I ask, do you intend to perform the miracle of prying thirty-nine more members loose from five dollars apiece? Or, to do a good job, twice that many? It would be worth it, of course, just to watch Comrade Dozier's face on the night of reckoning."

Again Winters took to pacing, and he paced for a long time before he stood stock still and resoundingly smote fist into palm.

"Godfrey a'mighty!" he breathed. Coming out of his mind, full grown as Minerva, was a plan that dazed him with its possibilities . . . one that would indeed make Sailor Dozier wish he were again a carefree seafaring man. "Provided," said Winters, "that I don't get in jail with it in the meantime."

He sat down at the typewriter in the warm and murky air of the study and began to rap out words on paper.

A WEEK passed. During that week a large number of words had been rapped out nights on that typewriter. During the daytime, Winters had been a stranger to the study. He had taken up headquarters in a clothing store on the town's main corner, a store owned by a good comrade who had gladly do-

nated the use of a large display window to Comrade Winters after certain ideas had been explained in full.

"Just keep things to yourself," Winters had said, "and if any people get curious, send 'em to me. Membership is the life of the Legion, and pretty soon our Post is going to be just busting with life, or I don't know the human animal."

First, Winters had pored over the lists of delinquent members and those of prospective members. In a town of this limited size, the quota of a hundred and ten was no gift. All of the wheel-horse members who paid up promptly year after year had already heeded the dues-are-due call. The readiest of the pay-up-if-asked members had paid before Winters took on this one-man roll call. He was up against the tougher brethren who undoubtedly had the love of the Legion engraved on their hearts, but not on their pocketbooks.

Abandoning his first thoughts of direct assault and beating dollars out of them, or of pleading patriotism, or of wining and dining them into an investing humor, Winters decided on the fine Italian touch of entangling them in a silken net and causing them to come in under their own power to be untangled . . . at a modest fee exactly equal to their Legion dues.

The plan was put in action by the



"It's the coming thing, gentlemen—bullet-proof shorts for parachute troops!"

writing of individual letters tailored to each man. Nor did Winters have to wait long at his downtown "office," after mailing the first batch of letters, before he got results. Into the store came a tall, hawk-nosed red-faced comrade, carrying in his hand one of the letters. At the corners of his mouth twitched a grin. He marched over to the show window where Winters sat watching a young man expertly print a sentence on a show card, and slapped the letter down on the table in front of Winters.

"I gather," said the newcomer, "that this is a membership gag."

Winters wrenched his eyes away from the printing work, and surprise was plain on his face. "Why, Charlie, whatever gave you that idea? Oh, you mean this letter. Mmmm . . ." And he picked it up and opened it as though it had come from a far country.

He read aloud: "Dear Comrade Charlie: The Legion Post has decided on another community service. We're going to tell the public all about what fine members we have. To reach as many people as possible, we have secured a window in Todd's Haberdashery to display notices describing what splendid men belong to the Legion here.

"For instance, take yourself," the letter went on. "You've been a member for years, ever since the time that you fell out of a rowboat trying to rescue one of the city ducks from drowning, to the time that you put a postage stamp on a loaf of bread and tried to cram it in a letter box to send it to the starving Chinese.

"These and many more of your deeds should be better known, and I propose

that we tell the world about them—right here at home. By the way, and not to get off the subject, Legion dues are due. Yours cordially . . ."

Comrade Winters' gray eyes were round beneath upraised brows. "Membership gag, Charlie? Why, I merely added about the dues because I was afraid you'd forgotten."

Comrade Charlie laughed outright and said, "And I suppose that if I pay my Legion dues the public won't hear anything more about what a swell citizen I am?"

"You catch on quickly, Charlie. I hope our other comrades are as bright as you are. Mmmm . . . that's right, five dollars. Here's a receipt, and your card will be mailed to you by Adjutant Pete Irwin. Thank you, Comrade."

"Forget it. And—do you mind if I hang around here and watch the fun?"

Before that day was over, Comrade Winters had been host to a heartening number of comrades, and Todd's Haberdashery had likewise. Not all of the recipients of letters had taken the matter in the spirit that Comrade Charlie had. There had been those who were disposed to argue themselves into a deep tan.

Among these latter ones had been Comrade Horace, who lived by studying lawbooks and then by reciting them in court, with gestures. He had entered and glared down at Comrade Winters and opened with, "Winters, you're going to get yourself into a lot of trouble this way!"

Comrade Winters, taking Horace's proffered letter in hand and again going
(Continued on page 54)

Enjoy Life with
Miller's
HIGH LIFE
Since 1855
The Best Milwaukee Beer

MILLER BREWING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Quota

(Continued from page 53)

through the motions of being amazed at what it said, read aloud: "Dear Comrade Horace: We're mighty proud of our Legion membership, and we believe that the town should know more about its individuals. As a public service, we're planning to tell the news in a big way, and what better place to tell it than in the Todd Haberdashery window?"

The reader paused, nodded, then went on, "Few other members have a war record as distinguished as yours, and we want people to read about it. That Croix de Guerre of yours, for instance, can be the basis for facts and figures, plus the way the French general burst into tears and kissed you as he realized how brave you'd been. Nor do we want to overlook some of your peacetime bravery under the fire of batteries of attorneys . . ."

The Winters voice trailed off and he looked up at Horace. "Why, Comrade, I don't see anything wrong with that. Are we to blame if members like yourself have done big things? And would you keep such information from passers-by who might stop and read what's put up in the window?" Winters took from the table one of the printed cards and ran his eyes over it. "Here's one that tells about Comrade Mike, unless he comes in and reads it first. Praise where praise is due is my motto."

Comrade Horace glanced at the card that openly glorified Comrade Policeman Mike as a guardian of public welfare, and included a recitation of the time that he had unhesitatingly jumped in the lake and saved a nude woman from trying to drown herself. Horace let his eyes wander toward three men who were leaning on a glass show case nearby, men who tossed him cheery greetings. He looked back at Winters.

Winters said, "The prosecution rests."

For a long minute Comrade Horace's eyes held those of Comrade Winters'. Then Comrade Horace's hand shot into a pocket and he took out a wallet and produced a five-dollar bill. "Some low characters might call this hush money," he said.

Comrade Winters took the money in firm fingers and replied sonorously, "Case dismissed on the grounds of too much evidence. See you at the next meeting."

During the ensuing days the comrades came and went. Some stood outside first, peering at the neat little cards stuck to the window. Perhaps at first they walked by, but they ended up reading word for word. Maybe they glared through the window at the preoccupied Comrade Winters, who was oblivious to hard-eyed persons on the sidewalk, but the majority came on inside, produced five dollars with a growl or a grin, were given their own display cards as souvenirs and got a cheer from the ever-

present knot of onlookers leaning on show cases.

And among the visitors, arriving carelessly and with the gait of a sailor still about him, had been Comrade Bill Dozier. Comrade Winters had greeted him a little morosely, as might a man who is worried about things. Although Winters admitted that a few old comrades had come in to join up, and that several eligible new prospects had been startled into "buying" window cards, he was none too hopeful about making the quota.

Said Dozier, "I've told 'em all along that the quota was too high for our little Post. A hundred and ten! Next year we'll hammer that down, and we won't have this here grief at the last minute—if that's any comfort to you."

"Membership is vital," replied Winters bravely. "The more members, the most strength. I had hoped to see us at the top of the district this year." He shook his head and stared out the window. "But we won't get anywhere at this rate."

"I may be able to shoo in a guy or two," volunteered Dozier.

"Oh, don't do that, Comrade! I took this on myself in a wild moment, and," his square jaw juttied, "I'll see it through. You may be luckier next year."

"I'll say so!"

When Dozier had departed, Comrade Winters pulled open a drawer in the table and hummed to himself as he ran fingers through the membership receipt duplicates that lay there in a cigar box. Only he, the Commander and the Adjutant knew how many that box contained.

TWO weeks slipped by . . . two weeks telling the public about what noble people belonged to the Legion, or were going to belong to it.

Now it was Thursday—Deadline Thursday. Just before the meeting that night, old-time members commented on the number of new faces to be seen in the upstairs hall. Comrade Winters cir-

culated among the newcomers to shake hands, make introductions and otherwise weld good men together. Said the old-time members, "I guess Winters has gone a long way toward getting that quota. He's the one man in the world who could do it."

Comrade Dozier, his perpetually too-small cap on the back of his head, blinked at the new members and said generously, "Heck, the old boy has made a good stab at the quota, anyhow." The word quota brought a grimace.

Commander Stevens called the meeting to order, and a few minutes later the District Membership Chairman was escorted to a place of honor beside him. The expression on the chubby face of the chairman was severe, as befitted a membership chairman. Membership was a serious part of life, and the more that he made a Legion Post tremble in its collective shoes, the better. This particular Post, furthermore, had a right to tremble. Hadn't it caused him to wake up nights, remembering what the Department boss had told him? He turned over in his mind a few razor-edged phrases for use later.

The meeting wore on, with the membership chairman of the district present like a death's head of olden times, reminding guests of life's brevity.

Finally: "And now, Comrades," said Commander Stevens, "it's time to hear the membership report from Comrade Winters. Tonight is the deadline for making our quota. If we reach it, we will put the District in the hundred percent column. All I can say is that Comrade Winters has done his level best."

Comrade Winters got slowly to his feet. In front of him on the table was the closed cigar box of duplicate receipts. "Comrades," he began, "our quota is, as you know all too well, one hundred and ten. Many believe that the figure is too high. When the results of the drive are tabulated tonight, I hope that the District Membership Chairman will take the total into consideration when fixing next year's quota."

"You bet," growled Dozier, which



"Ain't he our opponent's second?"

brought a flick of the eye from the district mogul, who mentally noted that there was a man to reason with later.

"So as not to keep you in suspense about the bad news, I'm going to ask Comrade Bill Dozier, who has agreed to be next year's membership chairman here, and to get half of the quota himself, to help me by reading the names as I hand them to him. Holler 'em out good and loud, Comrade."

Winters began taking receipts from the box one by one and passing them to Dozier. Dozier bellowed name after name. Murmurs greeted the reading; murmurs grew into conversation, accented by guffaws; the look on the district chairman's face grew lighter and more cheerful.

Then the name of the hundred and tenth member was read and Winters turned the box upside down—empty. There was booming applause. Good old Jason Winters had done it! Dozier mopped his face with his handkerchief.

But . . . what was this? Why was Commander Stevens raising his arms for silence? . . .

Comrade Winters was bringing from

BATTLE WAGON

(Continued from page 15)

for all this is the Saturday morning ceremony called "Captain's Inspection," when the "old man" passes a critical eye over the ship and comments on her deficiencies, in caustic seafaring language.

But cleaning, though it starts each day, is only a minor part of the routine. Once the bugle has sounded "Knock off shining brightwork" and the Divisions have lined up for morning muster, the serious business of man-o'-war life begins.

The secret of winning battles is learning how to fight them. A football team gets ready for its big game by planning plays to meet each situation and drilling until the plays run with mechanical precision. A battleship spends most of its time in similar anticipation of trouble.

There's a plan for everything—collision, fire, breakdown at sea, man overboard. Every sailor knows his assignment for each of these emergencies.

Above all there are plans for battle—battle against submarines, battle against destroyers, battle against other battleships, battle against planes. Battle at sea alone. Battle as part of the fleet. Battle by day. Battle by night.

A battleship fights with guns—the planes she carries are for "spotting" gunfire. She has heavy guns, 14 or 16 inch, in turrets for long-range shooting at heavy targets. She has five-inch rapid-fire guns to use against submarines or destroyers. She has five-inch semi-automatic anti-aircraft guns, and batteries

his pocket another package of receipts . . . was starting to hand them one by one to a bug-eyed Dozier.

Dozier's shouting voice became hoarser and more croaking as he went on, until with the last receipt his mouth worked, but little sound came.

Said Commander Stevens, "How many does that make, Comrade Winters?"

"One hundred and fifty-five," replied Winters, snapping to salute. "It's not nearly as many as I'd hoped for, but it'll have to do. And so, Comrade District Membership Chairman, I respectfully suggest that when the time comes for setting next year's quota for this Post, it be set at a hundred and fifty-three. I know that Comrade Bill Dozier will be the first one to agree with me!"

Comrade Dozier opened his mouth to tell the world what he really thought, but something had gone wrong with his voice.

Shouted Comrade Winters, "He says it's swell. Now let's give Comrade Dozier a great big hand!"

And cheers, led by the visiting chairman, shook the mortgage-free rafters of the post home.

of pom-poms and machine-guns for shooting at planes.

Shooting these batteries is the most exciting part of battleship life. Each target-practice is a milestone in the year, worked up to through days and weeks of intensive drilling. Loading crews go through practice loads hundreds of times, heaving dummy shells and powder charges into "loading machines" while officers time them with stop watches.

Gun-layers, range-finders, plotting-room crew—the whole "gunnery gang" of 600 men irons out the kinks in an organization that ranges from the control "tops," where the guns are aimed by electric "directors," to the bowels of the ship where electro-mechanical calculators figure the gun-range.

Then the shoot—and the score, and the ship's standing in the fleet. At the end of the year there's the Gunnery Trophy and a white E on her conning-tower for the ship standing No. 1.

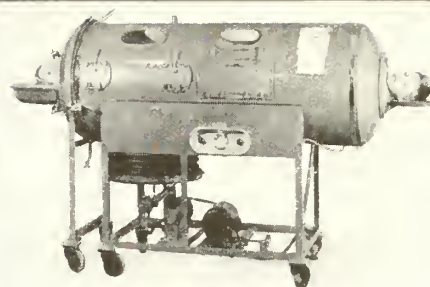
Gunnery is sport—in gunnery you shoot at a raft. Battle is something else—in battle the target shoots back.

Preparation for battle finds a job for every man on board. Filipino mess-attendants pass powder four decks down. Bandsmen put aside clarinets and trombones and become stretcher-bearers. The "black gang" goes to boilers, pumps, turbines and generators.

"Turret two struck by enemy shell. All guns out of action. Casualties to crew."

That's a message that might come in
(Continued on page 56)

NEW!



TREATS TWO PATIENTS SIMULTANEOUSLY!

The Drinker-Collins DUPLEX IRON LUNG

■ Made by the oldest and largest manufacturers of Iron Lungs, the new Drinker-Collins DUPLEX represents the greatest improvement since the invention of the Iron Lung itself.

■ Now . . . for the first time . . . two good-sized children may be treated simultaneously in one Iron Lung just as effectively . . . just as safely . . . as if they were in separate machines.

■ Now you can have extra protection for your community, at no extra cost, in the new Drinker-Collins DUPLEX Iron Lung. It eliminates the need for patients "taking turns", a procedure which endangers two lives instead of one.

LEGION POSTS . . .

■ If you are thinking about making an Iron Lung available for your community, investigate the Drinker-Collins. It is the first Iron Lung the world has ever known. There are some 600 in use. It is accepted by the American Medical Association. And now you can get, for the first time, on Iron Lung that will treat two children instead of one.

■ When selecting this vital, life-saving equipment, consult your local medical authorities . . . men qualified to know. The profession has recognized our Company as Specialists in Respiration Apparatus for many years. They know that the Drinker-Collins is the original Iron Lung.

■ Campaign suggestions and publicity material are available to help you provide on Iron Lung for your community.

Complete information on
request; no obligation.

WARREN E. COLLINS, INC.
553-L Huntington Avenue
Boston, Mass.

BATTLE WAGON

(Continued from page 55)

battle. It—or a similar message—comes over the ship-control telephones dozens, hundreds of times through the year in anticipation of sea fighting. Then the repair party leaps to work—mechanics in asbestos suits and gas masks, fire fighters, men who expect, during battle, to go outside the armor, giving up their own safety for the safety of the ship.

"Battle efficiency" is a phrase heard again and again in the fleet. The ship winning top honors in battle efficiency wears the Battle Efficiency Pennant, a red triangle of bunting bearing a black ball—the "meat ball," sailors call it.

Battle Efficiency Inspection is a day of bloody, dreadful, simulated casualties.

The commander-in-chief in all his admiral's glory walked in one day in the middle of a "battle" when I was plotting-room officer of the *Texas*. "You're dead!" he said. "Take off that telephone. The entire Plotting Room is out of action—all hands killed!"

Then he waited to see what the skipper, up in the conning tower, would do.

The conning tower is the captain's battle station—a heavily armored citadel sticking up just abaft number two turret, with narrow slits through the thick walls to give a view to seaward, and periscopes projecting through the roof.

Inside the conning tower the captain,

navigator and gunnery officer "fight" the ship surrounded by dozens of indicators, voice-tubes and telephones leading below decks.

Command of a battleship comes after 35 years of service which starts as a lowly plebe at the Naval Academy and rises through the grades until the coveted four gold stripes are attained. Only a few men who start as plebes become captains. Fewer still become admirals.

The skipper lives in solitary splendor. He has his own large cabin, his own stateroom, his own bath, his own cook, his own steward, his own "mess."

Usually the "old man" issues periodic invitations bidding his officer subordinates to dinner. This can be a stiff and formal affair, but I knew one captain who used to break the ice by passing a puzzle to everybody at the table—the effort to separate his bits of wire and wooden blocks meant a sure-fire thaw. Taken by and large, battleship skippers are the finest seamen on the seven seas, and the finest gentlemen.

The executive officer, a commander—the skipper's right hand man and "first mate"—heads the Wardroom Mess. A battleship carries some 35 lieutenant-commanders and lieutenants—division officers and heads of departments. They live in the Wardroom Country, in compact neat staterooms metal-furnished with a bunk, a locker, a desk, a chest

of drawers, a leather-cushioned transom—the Government provides sheets and towels but the officers pay for their own food.

Down below, the junior officers bunk two to a room, while the warrant officers and chief petty officers likewise have messes of their own.

Living, fighting, cleaning — that's battleship life.

"Hey, Pat! Goin' ashore tonight?"

"Sure. Boy-oh-boy, did I meet something frilly the last time I hit the beach!"

Liberty-call on the bugle, boats full of gobs steering across the anchorage and landing on Riverside Drive or the Fleet Landing at Panama, or Long Beach, or Culebra Island—

Funny ports with narrow streets and musty bazaars where Chinamen or Indians sell silk skibbies to take home to your girl. U. S. cities where the beer is cool and you know a jane in every port—

"The beach" is part of battle-wagon duty. The beach is where you forget turrets and watch-standing, bugles and alarm gongs, where you discover what the word "liberty" really means, where you learn the footloose pleasure of being a seafaring man.

There's only one thrill bigger than the thrill of hitting the beach on pay-day, and that's the thrill of heaving up the mud-hook, getting up anchor and going to sea.

"*Lay below all the chain tierers! First Section, station yer sea details! Life-boat's crew o' the watch to muster.*"

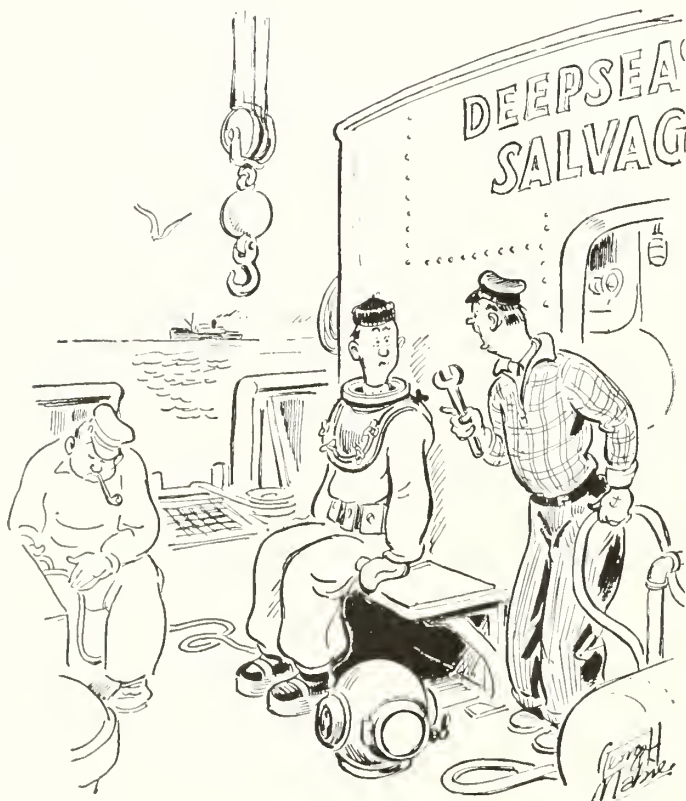
The big dreadnought points her clipper bow toward the harbor entrance and moves majestically seaward. Merchant-men dip their colors to her; she answers proudly.

She looks big as she passes out the bay. But once she's at sea—

No ship looks really big at sea. I remember the *Texas* in a gale one December, making heavy weather of it up the west coast, Puget Sound bound. Down in the wardroom the furniture slid around until the mess-boys lashed all the chairs together at one end. The hatches were closed and dogged, and the air below decks was thick enough to use for ballast.

Up on the bridge the navigator hadn't had a sight of sun or landmark since we left the Golden Gate; he and the skipper and the officer of the watch were looking out ahead, hoping to pick up Tatoosh Island light in the dusk. The battle-wagon ploughed along, lifting to the giant seas with the long slow heave of a dreadnought, surging upward, upward—then smashing down so that a vast spumy mass of solid green water shot up and aft over the forward turrets, beating at the bridge screen. Her roll, was a deep ponderous roll, hanging to starboard, hanging—then starting back—

"Light-eh!" hailed the foretop look-



"Now remember—if you come up an' we're gone . . . we've seen a submarine!"

out. "Flashing white light on the star-board bow!"

Inside Puget Sound there would be smoother sailing. The "old man" looked at the navigator with the satisfaction reserved for seafarers who have made a good landfall.

After you've seen a ship fight through a few gales you get fond of her. She seems to live.

She moves through salt water—briny,

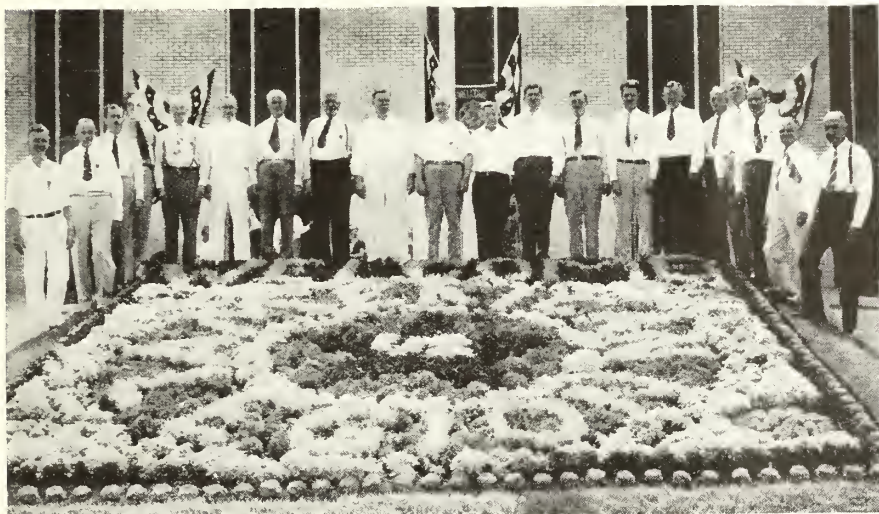
phosphorescent, calm, stormy, blue, gray, green salt water. She swims with calm confidence, and when the seas try to drown her she fights them off.

A ship is a living thing. Battle wagons are the most queenly of ships.

Battle wagons become symbols. You work for "the ship." You fight for her. She binds you and your shipmates together. She's your home, your fort, and somehow she's your mistress.

I Pledge Allegiance

(Continued from page 33)



Cobb-Williams Post of Hibbing, Minnesota, is another duly qualified member of the One Hundred Percent Club—all its P. C.'s are alive and active

I. R. Sher, D. C. Sullivan, W. H. Schirmer, (two terms), R. W. Loux, P. L. Farnand, R. C. Kremer, H. W. Schmitt, J. O. Rivall, L. G. Heasley, L. Deutsch, I. R. Galob, H. F. Dear, J. S. Sonaglis, C. L. Rolando, A. O. Hultstrand, C. O. Miller, O. W. Hallin, and W. R. Avenson.

Five Brothers Club

MANISTIQUE (Michigan) Post is proud of its recently organized "Five Brothers Club," a very select group with membership limited to the five Drevdahl brothers who answered the call of Uncle Sam in 1917 and 1918. Three of the brothers saw service overseas, the other two—just as willing—put in their time in the training camps at home. The five brothers, all members of Manistique Post, are Dr. Elmer Drevdahl and Walter Drevdahl, of Marquette; Dr. Conrad Drevdahl and Julius Drevdahl, of Detroit, and Arthur Drevdahl of Manistique.

Slow Time

IT TOOK Uncle Sam nearly twenty-three years to catch up with Legionnaire Roy R. Coles of Oklahoma City,

Oklahoma, to give him a decoration earned on the Verdun front in April, 1918.

In February last, when the Legion opened its campaign to register all former service men to prepare them for any emergency in home defense, Legionnaire Coles wrote to the War Department for a duplicate of his discharge, which had been lost. The War Department responded promptly—and also sent a Silver Star medal, awarded for gallantry in action, which had been awaiting his call through all these years. Comrade Coles served with Company A, 1st Field Signal Battalion, 2d Division.

Call of the Wild

THERE is sorrow in South Park Post, Bailey, Colorado, writes Comrade Al A. Yarrow, because "Sonny," the one-eyed bobcat mascot of the Post has heeded the call of the wild and has returned to the forest primeval. "Sonny" stayed with his Legion comrades at Bailey for five long years and, as the Post mascot, attended a number of Department Conventions. Now, says Legionnaire Yarrow, he will have to forage for his own daily pound of fresh meat.

(Continued on page 58)

SANI-FLUSH CLEANS OUT RADIATORS TOO!



Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (Directions on can.) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS



MEDALS AND RIBBONS

Send 10c in coin or stamps for a ribbon color chart and the most complete illustrated book ever printed on medals, ribbons, miniature medals, and all other items of military insignia.

Every Veteran should know the ribbons of the various military medals.

GEORGE W. STUDLEY
597 Lake Ave. Rochester, N. Y.
Authorized by the United States War Department

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

I Pledge Allegiance

(Continued from page 57)

For Distinguished Service

THE 1939 session of the West Virginia Legislature created a Distinguished Service Medal for award to West Virginians who have rendered distinguished service to their State and to the nation. Sixty-five medals have been awarded by the Commission which is headed by Colonel George S. Wallace of Huntington; one of the first went to Colonel Andrew S. Rowan, now of San Francisco, the West Virginian who carried the message to Garcia. With but few exceptions, the men honored were World War veterans. Ten of them have not been located. Here is the list—if your name is here write to the Adjutant General, Charleston, West Virginia: Private Floyd Cline, Company C, 7th Infantry; Cook Edward F. Evans, Company F, 27th Infantry; Private Wade Herbert Fox, 16th Company, 5th Marines; Captain Felix R. Holmes, 129th Infantry; First Lieutenant Earl M. McKinley, 11th Machine Gun Battalion; Captain William F. Sappington, Medical Corps; Private Sam Saplio, Company G, 111th Infantry; Private Frank Siers, Company M, 23d Infantry; Sergeant George L. Stewart, Company I, 4th Infantry; and Private Guy E. Teter, Company G, 4th Infantry.

Arkansas Adjutants

FORREST-STONE POST was organized at Mammoth Spring, Arkansas, in August, 1919, at the time when a Blue and Gray reunion was being held in its home town. Earl E. Sterling, just back from the wars, was elected Post

Adjutant and has held that office continuously since the date of organization. According to Department Adjutant Bert Presson, Adjutant Sterling has established a record that has no parallel in Arkansas. If there is any Post Adjutant anywhere who has had continuous service from July, 1919, or earlier, the Step-Keeper would be glad to have name, address, and name of Post. The line, which will be short, forms on the right.

Then consider another Arkansas pen-shower—Charles L. Townsend, Adjutant of Lloyd King Post, Gurdon, Arkansas. He's a youngster and his Post sets him up for honors as the Legion's youngest Post Adjutant. Born May 20, 1902, he enlisted in the U. S. Navy on June 11, 1918; trained at Norfolk, Virginia, and served on the U. S. S. *Kentucky* and *New Orleans*. Comrade Townsend tried the Army first, but was discharged at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, when his true age became known.

Shorts and Overs

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has about seventy thousand living alumni. Of this vast throng ten were selected to receive the 1941 medal award for conspicuous Columbia alumni service. One of the ten was Charles Hann, Jr., distinguished New York Legionnaire. . . . Legionnaire Fred C. Leonard is serving his fifteenth consecutive year as Finance Officer of Belmont (Massachusetts) Post. His Post recently gave a testimonial dinner in his honor, attended by Department Commander Chester Grant and other high Legion officials, as well as by official representatives of his home city. **BOYD B. STUTLER**



STRIKE UP THE BAND!

THE LEGION WILL INVADE ONTARIO JULY 4th 5th and 6th

H'YA, BUDDY! See you in Toronto, on the 4th of July? Sure . . . the Legion's goin' to be there . . . 75,000 strong! To meet an' mix with our friendly next-door neighbours in Ontario, Canada.

What's doin'? Plenty! The old parade . . . a sham battle, with the Canadians takin' part . . . inaugural ball on the 4th of July . . . drumhead ceremonies . . . street dancin', an' the kind of show the Legion always puts on! Consult your local post for particulars.

Plan your vacation to take in the Legion party in Toronto, an' then go on into the beautiful vacation land of Ontario where every kind of enjoyment awaits you at lower cost than ever before.

Remember . . . you need no passport; your money goes further because there's international exchange in your favour; there are no toll bridges in Ontario. Write for the booklet and road map.

Forwar . . . r . . . d MARCH! . . . to Toronto!



Ontario Travel & Publicity Bureau,
119 Parliament Bldg.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Please mail me FREE your 80-page book on Ontario, also official road map.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

State _____

NO PASSPORT REQUIRED



The five Drevdahl brothers—Elmer, Arthur, Julius, Conrad and Walter—are exclusive members of the "Five Brothers" Club of Manistique (Michigan) Post

The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

Boonville, Missouri, commenting on *Comrades of the Mist*, a piece of fiction well grounded in reality and written for our October, 1940, issue by Legionnaire Robert H. H. Nichols of Greenfield, Massachusetts. Comrade Nichols had another story, *Hornets Aweigh*, in the March issue of this year, but it was about the one of last October that Comrade Melton wrote as follows:

Unfortunately I lack time to read our Legion Magazine as thoroughly as I should. I just finished *Comrades of the Mist* in the last October issue and found it tops as an entertaining tale. Naturally I was more than usually interested because I was in the mine force, stationed at the base near Invergordon, on Moray Firth.

"There is one inaccuracy in Commander Golinkin's illustration. He shows mines being dumped from the weather deck. They went off the railroad tracks out a door on the main deck, the first below the weather. The minelayers were loaded with 'eggs' on

every deck and when men were at their battle-stations they kept emptying the maindeck and replenishing the two railroad tracks from elevators bringing mines from below until all had been planted.

"I was on the U. S. S. *Housatonic* before and after I was at Base 17 at Invergordon, coming from and returning to the States aboard her and finishing my hitch in the office of Commander Jacobs. As I recall, the *Housatonic* carried more than a thousand mines. The Navy started with ten ships in May and later in the summer two more were added to the mine fleet. Mr. Nichols' background is accurate. I wish to commend your editorial policy of using more stories and articles by Legionnaires. Such high on accuracy of background and sincerity of portrayal of the service man's thoughts, emotions and actions. These compensate for authors' names not quite so big. After all, you don't have the circulation worries of non-organization mags—so you don't need the big names so much. Anyway, it stacks right up with Satevepost."

THE EDITORS

A Trap FOR THE JAP

(Continued from page 11)

ernment is scarce and costly. In short, she is in the midst of a disturbing recession that might have overthrown the Konoye Cabinet had it not been for Matsuoko's diplomatic coup at Moscow. It will be to her distinct advantage to rest and recuperate for a while.

"Japan is simply biding her time," says an American diplomat only recently returned from the Far East. "She has maneuvered herself into a strategic position, territorially, through her recent advances in Indo-China. When the hour comes to move again, she will make her leap-off from there. She thinks she can breathe more easily because of the arrangement for Russian neutrality.

"Don't ever forget one characteristic of the Japs. They can be a slow and patient people when they want to be. They have thousands of years of waiting behind them. Now they are waiting for a bust-up somewhere to provide their next opportunity. It might be an all-out Hitler triumph in Western Europe. It might be anything that will weaken or distract the United States. Let anything of that sort happen—and watch Japan strike again!"

Meanwhile, under the inspiration of the President and vast grants of funds by Congress, our topnotch naval strategists and builders are preparing for any explosion that may upset the present

peaceful relations between Washington and Tokyo.

We have sent warships and planes to Australia and New Zealand as a sign of our concern over recent goings-on. We are fortifying islands which we once left unguarded in deference to Tokyo's angry protests. We have reorganized the fleet into three units—Atlantic, Asiatic, Pacific—but Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, President Roosevelt's aide in World War days, remains as "Cincus"—Commander-in-Chief of the United States Navy. His command is the Pacific Fleet.

We are continuing our aid to China in her struggle for life, and we mean to advance more money and materials and arms. Despite some official concern, we have exhibited a spirit of nonchalance toward the Russo-Japanese pact, and have asserted that it will not affect our Far Eastern policy. We could not say more plainly that, while hoping for betterment of our relations with Japan, we are preparing for their worsening, especially navy-wise. It is generally conceded that any theater of unpleasantness would be on the water.

The two fleets, if they should ever clash, would present a study in contrasts frequently witnessed on the football field or in the prize ring. The American Navy has been built for power, the Japanese for speed. Each nation's geo-

(Continued on page 60)

Why make me
suffer from
FLEAS, boss.



-when you could
give me such
quick relief
with **PULVEX**

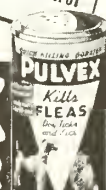
Use quick-kill, borated Pulvex Flea Powder and in a short time your flea-bitten pet will find life worth living again.

Rid your tormented dog of fleas quick! For fleas may also give him tapeworms, heartworms. At first sign of scratching, use Pulvex, the flea powder with the 4-in-1 formula. Pulvex, dusted all over (1) actually kills all the fleas; none revive to reinfest; (2) quickly helps soothe irritations from scratching; (3) prevents reinfestations for several days; (4) kills any ticks, lice which also may be present.

To give their flea-bitten dogs these 4 all-important benefits, over 3,000,000 owners formerly paid 50c for Pulvex. Now available at 25c. At all drug, pet, and department stores.

ALSO KILLS
FLEAS WHEN
APPLIED TO A
SINGLE SPOT

**PULVEX
FLEA POWDER**



NOW 25¢

Special Economy Can With
THREE TIMES AS MUCH, 50c



This Different Dog Book
tells how best to raise,
train, housebreak puppies;
how to give indoor dogs
more pep, longer life.
Money-saving diets, Etc.

Or Write William Cooper & Nephews, Inc.
Dept. 16, 1921 Clifton Ave., Chicago

**WANT A
GOVERNMENT
JOB?**



**Ex-Service
Men Get
Preference**

They are usually
exempt from age limits.

START \$105 to \$175 MONTH

Railway Postal Clerks—Mail Carriers—Post
Office Clerks—Investigators—Accountants,
Typists, etc. Many other Positions.

-----CUT HERE-----

Franklin Institute,
Dept. T181, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me (1) Full particulars regarding
U. S. Government jobs, (2) a free copy of
32-page book "How to Get U. S. Government
Jobs," (3) give me pointers regarding prefer-
ence to Ex-Service men.

Name

Address

SMOKERS' LUCK!

\$5 STRAIGHT GRAINS

(Factory Seconds of our finest Briar Pipes)



\$1.00

Slight surface imperfections do not impair superb smoking qualities. Lifetime guarantee. (C. O. D. 10c addl.) Pipe Makers Since 1887.

SACHS PIPES 5435 Myrtle Ave., Dept. L
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Post Commanders!

Help other Commanders by sending in your ideas on outstanding Post accomplishment to TOP KICK for possible publication.

TOP KICK

The American Legion Magazine
15 West 48th St. New York, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM SINUS, LUMBAGO

**ARTHRITIS,
NEURALGIA,
MUSCULAR
ACHES** and similar pains relieved by our amazing Electric Therapeutic Heat Massager.

**\$1.00
PREPAID**

We don't care what you've tried before—patent medicines, hot-water bottles, heating pads, etc., our **ELECTRIC THERAPEUTIC MASSAGER** is guaranteed to help relieve

the pains of **RHEUMATISM, SINUS TROUBLE, LUMBAGO, ARTHRITIS, NEURALGIA, MUSCULAR ACHES**—or we will refund your money. There is nothing mysterious about our unit. It is a well-known fact that heat will generally relieve the various pains described above. Our **THERAPEUTIC MASSAGER** is the first heating unit ever made which enables you to **MASSAGE** the painful area at the same time that invigorating heat is applied. You will be amazed at the efficiency of this new instrument. Operates on any 110 volt line AC or DC. Send \$1.00 cash, check or Money Order and we will ship prepaid—or, if you wish, we will ship C. O. D. and you can pay Postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage.

The Emstire Co., Dept. 236
1966 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A Trap FOR THE JAP

(Continued from page 59)

graphical location—and predetermined strategy on the kind of warfare each would wage—accounts for its choice of weapons.

In such a war our fleet would fight as a heavyweight conscious of his hitting authority. Its first objective would be to close with the enemy at the earliest opportunity—and smash him! It is so written in the textbooks at Annapolis. It is so ordained in elaborate battle plans in the files at Washington and aboard Admiral Kimmel's Flagship *Pennsylvania*.

Japan, like ourselves, has accommodated her navy to her supposed needs. Until recent years, she had always anticipated that naval actions involving her fleet would occur in narrow, coastal waters, where warships of swifter speed are more maneuverable. Until lately, too, she had expected that her foes would be nations for which she entertains the utmost contempt insofar as sea power is concerned—China and Russia.

Not until the Harding Disarmament Conference in 1922 branded her as a second-class country with the 5-5-3 ratio did Nippon begin to strut, navy-wise. Then she set out on the construction of a strong, modern navy along Anglo-American lines. But even then, the more conservative navy clique exercised typical caution, and built a fleet which could run as well as fight. For it must always be remembered—and our experts never forget it—that Japan would be a mortally wounded nation if stripped of her fleet. She would be reduced to the status of a second- or third-class power. And despite their arrogance, Tokyo's wiser heads realize that their navy has never been tested against major-league opposition.

Ours is not a hit-and-run Navy. It could not run from the scene of an engagement if it wanted to, since it is a flat-footed fighter. Because of our distances from potential opponents, and, until lately, our lack of far-flung bases, we have emphasized heavy armor, striking power and long cruising radius. Our perfection of the technique of refueling at sea enables our battle wagons to cruise 800,000 nautical miles without returning to their base.

Our older ships, for instance, have a speed of only 21 knots as against 24 for Japanese vessels of the same period. The new *North Carolina* will make only 27 as against 30 for the equivalent model in the Japanese navy—the *Takamuta* type. They can outrun us, obviously.

But our main armor belt averages sixteen inches in thickness by comparison with thirteen inches—fourteen in the latest types—for Japan. Protective armor

for other sections of the ship—deck, turret, etc.—have the same proportionate difference. Our fourteen- and sixteen-inch guns are more numerous than those of any other fleet. Although the records are supposed to be secret, our gunnery efficiency is believed to excel that of any navy except, possibly, the British. In recent tests many American units scored 70 percent hits at fifteen miles and 80 percent at twelve miles. Such near-perfection is necessary if, as our offensive and plunging strategy requires, the first salvo must measure the hostile target and the second destroy or damage it seriously.

Our Navy High Command saw justification for their theories in the recent encounter between the British and Italians in the Mediterranean. The Roman battleships and cruisers were modern and fast, but they lacked protective strength. The nimble British cruiser *Orion* lured them within range of England's mighty batteries, and one burst pulverized *Il Duce's* prize toys, including the famed *Vittorio Veneto*.

Our experts anticipate the same sort of denouement in an engagement with the Japanese, whose fleet faintly resembles the Italian model. Provided sufficient United States units got to Singapore before the Japs, or before it fell to them, the only debate in Navy circles hinges on the length of time it would take us to do the job. In fact, one of our highest naval authorities maintains that we could detach forty percent of our Pacific Fleet for use in the Atlantic, if necessary, and still administer a crushing defeat when we trap the Japanese forces.

In naval more than in military units, perhaps, there are imponderables which count almost as heavily as material factors. Men do not fight with guns and ships alone. And it so happens that our navy people hold the Japs in rather low esteem. They regard "the little brown men" as second-rate in gunnery and all-around seamanship. The Japs' noted deficiency in mechanical instinct and ability is also held against them in the air and on the sea.

It is hardly necessary to compare all the other categories which make up a fleet—cruisers, destroyers, submarines, auxiliaries, aircraft carriers, planes. The battleship, especially in a war with Japan, would be expected to deliver the knockout punch. The other units' function would be to find the enemy, blind him, harass him, feed the big fellows, and they have been built in such manner, and in such number, as to execute their assignment adequately.

Nor is it pertinent to consider the navies which the two nations will own several years hence. If no war eventuates

before they are commissioned, they might as well hand out rain checks to the customers right now. It will never be played on account of high seas ruled by the United States Navy.

Any practical consideration of the outcome of such a conflict must be based on the number and types and behaviour of ships now on hand, and not those "on order." (To the American complement may be added a sizable force of British, Dutch and Australian vessels stationed in the prospective danger zone.) Here is the score as of April 15, 1941:

Type	Built	Building	Total
UNITED STATES			
Battleships	15	17	32
Cruisers	37	54	91
Aircraft Carriers	6	12	18
Destroyers	164	200	364
Submarines	107	78	185
Total	329	361	690

Type	Built	Building	Total
JAPAN			
Battleships ...	10	8 (e)	18 (e)
Cruisers	46	10	56
Aircraft Carriers	8	2	10
Destroyers ...	125	11	136
Submarines ..	71	7	78
Total	260	38	298
(e) estimated			

In view of these contrasts in the fleets, it is evident that Japan would fight on the defensive unless reinforced by powerful naval allies not visible on the horizon now. Tokyo's attitude would be: "Come and get us!" In such a combat the United States would suffer some disadvantage, certainly at the outset, for want of bases in the Eastern Pacific.

Hawaii, our principal Pacific outpost, is too distant from the area of probable operations. It is about 3700 miles from Japan (Kobe), 4800 from Manila and 6000 from Singapore. As a repair and supply shop, it would be invaluable—in

fact, a necessity. But the United States, in an offensive role, would need other bases for a more direct attack upon the Japanese fleet as well as blockade of her ports and trade routes to the south.

President Roosevelt, Congress and the Navy Department have recently combined to remedy this defect. We are now fortifying a string of small islands thrusting outward from Hawaii toward Japan—Wake, Midway and Guam, to mention only a few. There are also the Philippines, whence naval and aerial forces might operate to harass and delay a Japanese fleet moving on Singapore.

Even the islands now being strengthened have only a limited value. They are, under present conditions, suitable only as temporary stations for planes for scouting or bombing.

In any war of this sort, however, the United States would have the use of the British ports of Hong Kong and Singapore, the powerful Dutch base at Surabaya on the Island of Java, and also the new Port Darwin in Australia. Provided powerful units of our fleet beat the enemy's to these points—that is vital—we could sit there and choke off Japan's food and war supplies, while utilizing them as a base for the ripping kind of attack our High Command contemplates.

Japan has another and a not inconsiderable factor in her favor through possession of the so-called "mandated islands"—the Caroline, Marshall and Marianas group. These consist of thousands of atolls, and they lie squarely between Hawaii and Singapore. For years Tokyo has forbidden foreigners to visit them or airplanes to fly over them, and it is supposed that they have been transformed into a nest of aerial and submarine holes. Even more powerful warships may lurk there.

These almost unknown dots of land in the Far Pacific may make history some day. For in the event of a race for possession of the key base of Singapore by American and Japanese fleets, Navy experts believe that the first great engagement of the conflict may be staged in the midst of these lonely, watery wastes.



Thrilling Moments

SO OFTEN DENIED THOSE SUFFERING FROM

PSORIASIS

What woman can be glamorous if she cannot wear evening gowns—but instead must dress unbecomingly to conceal her psoriasis lesions? Do you face such a problem? Then try Siroil. Siroil tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and are located on the outer layer of the skin. Applied externally, does not stain clothing or bed linen. If after two weeks Siroil fails to benefit you to your satisfaction, purchase price will be refunded.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write for interesting booklet on psoriasis direct to—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Detroit, Mich., Dept. AL 2
Please send me your booklet on PSORIASIS.

Name _____

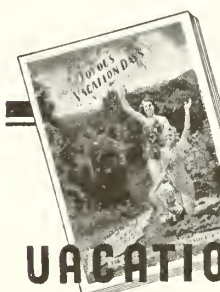
Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, write to Siroil Laboratories of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.

Good News for Stomach and Colon Sufferers

The McCleary Clinic, HC666 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute 122-page book on Colon Disorders, Piles and Constipation and commonly associated chronic ailments. The book is illustrated with charts, diagrams and X-ray pictures of these ailments. Write today—a postcard will do—to the above address and this large book will be sent you FREE and postpaid.



●40 Big Fascinating Pages
119 Colorful Illustrations
6 Official Road Maps

Free VACATION GUIDE

"JOYOUS VACATION DAYS in Tennessee" completely describes the mile-high Great Smoky Mountains; battlefields and historic shrines; gigantic TVA dams and lakes; metropolitan cities and quaint mountain villages; State and National Parks; plantations and unspoiled wilderness; and everything in Tennessee—the ideal vacation State. It's FREE, send for yours now!

DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION
487 State Office Bldg. Nashville

Scenic State of **TENNESSEE**

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

J. W. SCHILAKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.
JACK R. C. CANN, Thruverin Post, Detroit, Michigan.
WILLIAM HEASLIP, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
RICHARD SEELYE JONES, National Press Club Post, Washington, D. C.
ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT, Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City.
RAYMOND SISLEY, Pacific Post, West Los Angeles, California.
RAY TUCKER, National Press Club Post, Washington, D. C.
WINSOR JOSSELYN, Monterey Peninsula Post, Monterey, California.
HERBERT M. STOOFS, First Division Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.
FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR., Frederick M. Rodgers Post, Palmyra, New Jersey.
GEORGE SHANKS, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.
ROY DICKINSON, East Orange (New Jersey) Post.
ROBERT LEE BEVERIDGE, Richland Post, Columbia, South Carolina.
BOYD B. SRUTLER, John Brawley Post, Charleston, West Virginia.
RALPH E. AMMON, William B. Cairns Post, Madison, Wisconsin.
JOHN R. TUNIS, Winchendon (Massachusetts) Post.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

THE
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
INDEX of
ADVERTISERS

Bauer & Black.....	51
Beech-Nut Gum	43
Calvert Distillers Corp. Old Drum	45
Carter Medicine Co.	63
Collins, Warren E., Inc.	55
Doan's Pills	57
Emerson, J. H., Company.....	49
Emstire Co.	60
Eveready Flashlights & Batteries.....	41
Ford Motor Company	4
Franklin Institute	59
General Electric Co.	47
Gore Products, Inc.	64
McCleary Clinic	61
Metal Cast Products.....	51
Miller Brewing Co.	53
National Carbon Company, Inc....	41
National Distillers Products Corp. Old Grand-Dad	2
Ontario Travel & Publicity Bureau	58
Polident	49
Pulvex	59
Rain & Hail Insurance Bureau....	51
Reeves Brothers, Inc.	63
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Camels	Cover IV
Sachs Pipes	60
Sani-Flush	57
Siroil Laboratories, Inc.	61
State of Tennessee	61
Studley, George W.	57
Texas Company, The.....	Cover II
Union Carbide & Carbon Corp....	41
Walker, Hiram & Sons, Inc. Ten High Whiskey....	Cover III

"Pioneers" is Right!

(Continued from page 37)

trict Attorney for the City and County of San Francisco, with offices at 550 Montgomery Street in that city, to spin his yarn:

"Coming across the enclosed picture one day recently, I thought it might be interesting to the Then and Now Gang. I am sure that there are many on the Pacific Coast, particularly, who will remember the occasion. It was taken during one of the Liberty Loan drives and, as indicated by the blackboard, shows the result of a morning rally or drive for the sale of bonds among the gobs at San Pedro, California.

"I sit in front of the board, and rated that position because of the pep talk I gave, and my assistance in the bond sales. I have no doubt that many of the gobs called me unprintable names when their pay checks came along with deductions for bond purchases—but in the long run they were the richer.

"As for my service, I guess I fought the Battle of the Pacific Coast—San Diego, San Pedro, San Francisco, Mare Island, Portland and Seattle are all included among the ports in which I was stationed. There was a brief cruise in the U. S. S. *West Coast*, until she broke down near the Panama Canal, after leaving Portland on her maiden trip, and then limping back to San Diego. However there is one thing I do remember well: It put quite a dent in my pocket-book keeping up with the uniforms, for in my eighteen months of active service, I had to buy three different complete outfits—a gob's, a chief petty officer's, and a warrant officer's!

"There are many here in San Francisco, besides thousands of others on the Pacific Coast, who spent their first days in the Navy at the Training Station at San Pedro. It was located out on the warehouse docks next to the Submarine Base of the U. S. Navy and opened about July 1, 1917. The first delegation of gobs from San Francisco left for that station on July 9, 1917, and I was among those present. Thereafter recruits arrived in groups of almost a hundred a day. It was a clearing house for thousands and many were sent from there to the East Coast—to Pelham Bay, Norfolk, etc. About the beginning of 1918, an Officers' Training Camp was set up in connection with the Station and in a few months ensigns were being turned out after intensive training.

"I would like to hear from some of the former shipmates."

ON TO Wisconsin! That's the Legion's rallying cry for 1941, and the particular spot in Wisconsin is Milwaukee,

where the Legion's National Convention will be held September 15th to 18th. Among the tens of thousands who will wend their way in that direction will be several thousand who will look forward to an added treat—a reunion of their old war-time outfit. So if you want to enjoy that special attraction, it's time to get busy and notify The Company Clerk of your reunion plans, so that announcement may be published in these columns.

Report your reunion also to G. H. (Gil) Stordock, National Convention Reunions Chairman, 611 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as Gil and his committee are all set to help in furthering all reunion plans.

Details of the following Milwaukee National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATIONAL YEOMEN F.—Annual reunion and meeting, Mrs. Laura V. Hall, chmn., 2000 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee.

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS WOMEN—2d annual convention reunion, E. Jeannette Couture, chmn., 350 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

SOC. OF 1ST DIV.—Annual national convention and reunion, Dr. E. H. Maurer, chmn., 7139 W. Greenfield Av., Milwaukee.

SOC. OF 3D DIV.—Annual convention reunion-banquet, Hy O. Hegna, secy., Milwaukee Chap. 3d Div., 735 N. Water St., Milwaukee.

NATL. 4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual national reunion and meeting, Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Sept. 15. Theo. Tolzman, chmn., 2234-B N. 23d St., Milwaukee.

6TH DIV. NATL. ASSOC.—Annual natl. reunion. For copy *Sightseer*, write C. A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV. ASSOC.—2d natl. reunion, H. Gordenstein, natl. adjt., 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Natl. reunion, Walter A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

81ST (WILDCAT) DIV.—Natl. reunion dinner, Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., 625 St. Charles Av., New Orleans, La.

92D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Write Jesse B. Gunn, pres., 6510 Evans Av., Chicago, Ill., for details.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Proposal reunion, Joel T. Johnson, pres., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—10th annual natl. reunion, Thos. F. Burns, gen. chmn., 9100 S. May St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Natl. reunion of all Tank Corps vets. Edw. J. Price, adjt., 5756 Kenwood Av., Chicago, Ill.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS AEF VETS.—Annual reunion of all RTC vets, Milwaukee, Sept. 15-17. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 722 S. Main Av., Scranton, Pa.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. ASSOC.—Reunion of all CWS vets, USA or AEF, Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

COAST ART. CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion and banquet of all C.A.C. vets, F. H. Callahan, 77 Water St., Medford, Mass., or J. A. Donnelly, 913 E. Juneau Av., Milwaukee.

62D C.A.C.—Reunion, especially vets of Btry. C. Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western Av., Chicago, Ill.

67TH C.A.C. VETS ASSOC.—For details of reunion and for regtl. roster, write Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRIES, A, B & C, 44TH C.A.C.—Reunion, Harold Hallagan, 26 Main St., Asbury Park, N. J.

BTRY. B, 50TH C.A.C.—Reunion. For roster, write E. F. Sherry, 4608 Sylvan Av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ORDNANCE, CAMP HANCOCK, GA.—2d annual reunion, Jos. M. Gilmore, secy., 265 Lowell St., Peabody, Mass.

14TH ENGRS. VET. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 14-16, Norbert J. Barry, chmn., 1609 N. 60th St., Milwaukee.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. SOC.—22d annual convention-reunion, Chas. L. Schaus, secy.-treas., 325 47th St., Union City, N. J.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion, W. B. Robbins, 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

215TH ENGRS.—Reatl. reunion. Write Jacob Lewis, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

603D (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis Nickles, Veterans Home, Waupaca, Wis.

HQ. DET., 209TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis T. Wells, 208 S. Ben St., Plano, Ill.

307TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—Proposed organization and reunion. R. L. Kessing, secy.-treas., 240 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

15TH SERV. CO., SIG. CORPS.—Reunion. Pat D. Morgan, Grayling, Mich.

Co. C, 106TH F. S. BN., Last Man Club—Reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 14. Dave Daley, secy., 6705 N. Odell Av., Chicago, Ill.

4TH G & F BNS., CAMPS SYRACUSE AND MILLS—Reunion-banquet. Sam S. Gelewitz, 14 Pine St., Hyde Park, Mass.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLDATS DE VERNEUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS UNITS 1-2-3, MTC 327)—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., just prior to Legion Natl. Conv. in Milwaukee. For date, write B. C. Peterson, 164 N. Elizabeth St., Chicago.

MOTOR TRUCK Co. 401—Reunion. R. L. Ristaino, Washington St. Greenhouses, Franklin, Mass.

311TH SUP. TRN. CLUB—Reunion-banquet. W. P. McConnell, 2644 W. 122d Pl., Blue Island, Ill.

Co. B, 338TH BN., TANK CORPS.—Proposed reunion. Write Edmund A. Connelly, 4 Copeland Pl., Roxbury, Mass.

VETS. OF VERNEUIL AND NEVERS, MTC UNITS 301-2-3—Reunion and banquet. Rev. C. N. Bittle, chmn., 1004 N. 10th St., Milwaukee.

BAKERY Co. 337—2d annual convention reunion. Other Bakery Co. vets invited. L. E. Baneroff, Sudbury, Mass.

VETERINARY CORPS.—Proposed reunion of all Vet. Corps. vets. R. K. Johnson, ex-15th Vet. Hosp. Corps, 101 E. 30th St., Kansas City, Mo.

REMOUNT DEPOT 324, CAMP MCARTHUR—Reunion. L. C. Hoha, 1953 N. 34th St., Milwaukee.

AIR SERV. VETS.—Convention reunion of all Air Serv. vets. New England Chap. now fully organized. Write Walter E. Dean, adjt., 69 Bigelow St., Lawrence, Mass.

616TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Write Lyman W. Williams, 213 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee.

875TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion-banquet. C. C. Olberg, 1813 Grove Av., Berwyn, Ill.

ROCKWELL FIELD, SAN DIEGO—Proposed reunion Air Serv. vets. Earl A. Smith, 2745 S. Greeley St., Milwaukee.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP, AEF (SQDRNS. 27-94-95-147-185-218 & 4TH AIR PARK)—Reunion-dinner. Write Finley J. Strunk, adjt., 176 Roosevelt Av., Bergenfield, N. J.

KELLY FIELD ASSOC.—Fully organized. All Kelly vets eligible. Convention reunion. Bill Unger, 5879 Shady-Forbes Ter., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. 30, PLATTSBURG BARRACKS—Convention reunion all personnel. Write Reba G. Camerson, P. O. Box 84, Redlands, Calif.

BASE HOSP. CAMP GRANT ASSOC.—Reunion entire personnel. Write Ella M. Bokhof, secy.-treas., 518 W. Galena Av., Freeport, Ill.

BASE HOSP. CAMP LEE, MED. DEPT.—3d annual reunion, Hotel Pfister Milwaukee, Sept. 15, 10 A. M. Luncheon at 12:30. G. P. Lawrence, gen. chmn., 348 1/2 Wyoming St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

BASE HOSP., CAMP LOGAN—Proposed reunion of personnel. Walter Kadell, 788 Pierce, Birmingham, Mich.

BASE HOSP. CAMP SEVIER ASSOC.—Reunion. Write M. R. Callaway, organizer, Vets. Adm. Facility, Keesoughtan, Va., for roster.

QMC DET., BASE HOSP. 14, CAMP CUSTER—Reunion. R. F. McKelvy, Box 271, Helena, Ark.

BASE HOSP. 82—Proposed reunion entire personnel. Write Dr. Geo. D. Mytinger, Chillicothe, Ohio, or Huxley A. Miller, Durant, Iowa.

BASE HOSP. 103—Proposed reunion. Write John I. Makinen, Rockport, Mass.

HOSP. TRAIN 44 (FRENCH TRAINE SANITAIRE C1/12)—Vets interested in convention reunion, write H. E. Dietl, Asst. Dept. Serv. Offer., American Legion, Wood, Wis.

S. U. 508—Reunion. George Jacobs, 1522 W. Greenfield Av., Milwaukee.

NAVY RADIO MEN OF THE WORLD WAR—Proposed reunion and national organization. Write Mark Feder, York, Pa.

U. S. S. *Neptune*—Proposed reunion of crew. A. S. West, 1105 Landreth Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri.

U. S. S. *Noyatin*—Proposed reunion. Write Jim H. Harrington, 7620 S. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill., or Frank L. Horgan, 34 Reynolds Av., Chelsea, Mass.

U. S. S. *Orizaba*—Reunion. Dr. Groesbeck Walsh, Employees Hosp., Fairfield, Ala.

U. S. S. *Plattsburg*—Reunion of crew. Write John Korinek, 5475 N. 41st St., Milwaukee.

U. S. S. *Whittemore*—Reunion of crew of mystery ship in patrol with USS N-5. Robt. E. Cooper, Box 1232, Amarillo, Tex.

U. S. S. *Wisconsin*—Proposed reunion of entire crew. Former captain, now Admiral Sellers, retired, may attend. Write Clement G. Lanni, 49 N. Water St., Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Zelandia*—Reunion. Leonard W. Wittman, 1906 E. Main, Rochester, N. Y.

NATL. ASSOC. VETS. AEF SIBERIA—4th annual convention-reunion. Anton Horn, natl. comdr., 16711 Av. G, Chicago, Ill.

LA VALBONNE VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion of all vets of Inf. Candidates' School. Saul B. Kramer, pres., 135 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention in Milwaukee, follow:

1ST DIV., PHILA. BRANCH—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24-29. David W. Davis, secy., 68 Williams Lane, Hatboro, Pa.

2d Div. Assoc.—23d natl. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 17-19, honoring Maj. Gens. Lejeune and Harbord. Memorial services. Write Frank Griffin, 3318 9th St., N. E., Washington, or A. H. Lipp, natl. hq., Box 7370 Oakland Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Soc. of 3d Div.—22d annual natl. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 10-12. Bill Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th Pl., N. E., Washington. For free copy *The Watch on the Rhine*, write Harry Cedar, 4320 Old Dominion Dr., Arlington, Va.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., PA. CHAP.—Annual reunion dinner, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 25. C. Roland Gelatt, secy.-treas., 1119 S. 48th St., Philadelphia.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Annual natl. convention-reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. John P. Horan, chmn., 6618 Washtenaw, Chicago.

6TH DIV. NATL. ASSOC.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24-29. C. A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., Box 23 Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Manchester, N. H., June 5-8. John W. Dunlap, chmn., 72 Elm St., Manchester.

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—Annual convention-reunion, Bradford, Pa., July 17-19. W. W. Haugherly, secy.-treas., 1444 S. Vodge St., Philadelphia.

29TH (BLUE AND GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Aug. 29-Sept. 1. Write Comdr. Milton E. Groom, 1141 Bladensburg Rd., N. E., Washington. Wm. C. Nicklas, natl. adjt., 4318 Waltham Av., Baltimore, Md.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV. ASSOC.—For date of annual reunion, Macon, Ga., in Aug., write H. M. Watson, secy.-treas., 514 Orange St., Macon.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., with Legion Dept. Conv., in Aug. W. A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

32d DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 30-31. Chas. Alexander, chmn., 108 N. Forbes St., Jackson.

33d DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Hotel Morrison, Chicago, Ill., June 28-29. Jos. A. Jaworski, pres., Hotel Morrison, Chicago.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Annual convention, St. Paul, Minn., in Aug. Write Ed. H. Slater, secy., 2076 Dayton Av., St. Paul, for details.

37TH (BUCKEYE) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-convention, Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Jas. Sterner, exec. secy., 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42d) DIV. VETS.—23d annual natl. convention-reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-14. Arthur E. Slattery, chmn., 107 McLaren St., Red Bank, N. J.

81ST (WILDCAT) DIV. ASSOC.—District reunion, Chicago, Ill., last week in June. Write Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., 625 St. Charles Av., New Orleans, La.

83d DIV.—Reunion, Washington, Pa., June 14. John G. Dinsmore, secy., Waynesburg, Pa.

OHIO RAINBOW VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Ohio, June 13-14. Jack Henry, secy., 131 N. Main St., Marysville, Ohio.

138TH INF.—Reunion, Btry. A Armory, Grand & Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 2. Harry J. Dierker, secy., 2813 Maurer, St. Louis.

314TH INF. VETS.—23d regtl. reunion, Lewistown, Pa., Sept. 26-28. George E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlot Av., Philadelphia.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—22d annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 26-28. Edwin G. Clelland, secy., 6125 McCallum St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Co. D, 10TH INF.—Reunion, Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 10. Alvin Gebard, 1204 S. Grant St., Bloomington, Ind.

Co. F, 10TH U. S. INF. (1899-1904)—Reunion, Omaha, Neb., Aug. 17-21, with United Spanish War Veterans encampment. Homer F. Pennington, 5412 Florence Blvd., Omaha.

HQ. Co., 108TH INF. (Co. F, 74TH INF.)—Reunion, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 8. Lawrence L. Varley, 733 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Co. A VETS. ASSOC. (128TH, 1ST & 3d INF.)—Annual reunion, Reedsburg, Wis., July 26-27. A. F. Prange, secy., Reedsburg.

Cos. H & K and HOSP. CORPS, 129TH INF.—Reunion, Rockford, Ill., June 8. Eugene Welch, comdr., Walter R. Craig Post, A. L., Rockford.

Co. I, 138TH INF.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 8. A. L. Bardgett, secy.-treas., 802 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis.

Co. L, 325TH INF.—Annual reunion, Springfield, Mass., Oct. 25. Arthur W. Silliman, Ardsley, N. Y.

Co. G, 314TH INF.—Annual family picnic, Hollinger Dude Ranch, Lancaster, Pa., June 8. Geo. Hentschel, 1845 Champlot Av., Philadelphia.

HQ. Co., 350TH INF.—An up-to-date roster will be sent to all vets who write to Raymond A. Conner, 1312 High St., Beatrice, Neb.

Co. M, 357TH INF.—Reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 26-27. M. G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

355TH INF.—Reunion, Norfolk, Neb., Sept. 7-8, commemorating St. Mihel Drive. Wm. N. Koch, adjt., Norfolk.

(Continued on page 64)



**THE BEST DEFENSE
AGAINST WEAR
AND TEAR!**

Demand

REEVES

ARMY TWILL

UNIFORMS...SPORT and WORK CLOTHES

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL



32 million yards already sold to the U. S. Army. All goods bearing this label meet Army Specifications.

Glenngorrie Poplin for matching shirts—a SANFORIZED* Fabric in a wide range of colors
*Fabric shrinkage not more than 1% (U. S. Government test CCC-1191 c)

See your nearest dealer for uniforms, sport and work clothes made from these famous fabrics or write to

REEVES BROS., INC.

54 Worth Street, New York City

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT March 31, 1941

<u>Assets</u>	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 694,829.24
Notes and accounts receivable.....	46,251.30
Inventories.....	98,687.54
Invested funds.....	2,451,731.27
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	208,260.61
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation.....	120,264.31
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	39,523.13
Deferred charges.....	23,279.39
	<hr/> \$3,682,826.79
<u>Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth</u>	
Current liabilities.....	\$ 78,630.74
Funds restricted as to use.....	57,893.66
Deferred revenue.....	539,047.08
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	208,260.61
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$2,373,585.96
Unrestricted capital.....	425,408.74
	<hr/> \$2,798,994.70
	<hr/> \$3,682,826.79

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

"Pioneers" is Right!

(Continued from page 63)

Co. G, 20 PIONEER INF.—Proposed reunion. Robt. E. Murphy, 440 Magazine St., Albany, N. Y.

30 PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 13. J. T. Johnson, pres., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Tyrone, Pa., Aug. 2-3. Jonas R. Smith, secy., 4911 N. Mervine St., Philadelphia.

59TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—6th reunion, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27-28. Howard D. Jester, secy., 1917 Washington St., Wilmington, Del.

Co. K ASSOC., 160TH INF. (K Co., 7TH REGT., N.G.C.)—Annual reunion, San Bernardino, June 14. Bob Broadbelt, San Bernardino, Calif.

BTRIES. D & E, 64TH C.A.C.—Annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, in June. For details and date, write T. E. Watson, 1564 Colton St., Toledo, Ohio.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions at Newark, N. J., and Spokane, Wash., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. For free copy *The Cannoneer*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330-180th St., Flushing, N. Y.

21ST F. A.—Regtl. luncheon during 5th Div. Reunion, Chicago, Ill. Aug. 31-Sept. 1. T. E. Dunn, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—18th reunion, Drayton Plaines, Mich., June 15. Stuart B. Kudner, chmn., Drayton Plaines.

1ST CORPS ART. PARK—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Write Emory Jamison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

30 TRENCH MORTAR BTRY. ASSOC.—Reunion, Washington, D. C., July 10-12. Barney Gallitelli, secy., 294-17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

107TH TRENCH MORTAR BTRY. ASSOC.—Reunion, Antigo, Wisc., July 12-14. Amos Maltby, Adj.-Q.M., Elk's Club, Antigo.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—12th reunion, Emporia, Kans., June 20-22. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

19TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—21st reunion-banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 9. David Woodside, chmn., 31 S. Farragut St., Philadelphia.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Central States stag reunion, Lemon Park, Indian Lake, Vickburg, Mich., June 21-22, under auspices 23d Engrs. Posts, A. L., of Chicago and Detroit, R. S. Cowan, 12715 Northlawn Ave., Detroit, Mich.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—13th reunion, Seattle, Wash., Aug. 1-3. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 321 36th St., N. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Geo. Remple, secy., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton.

520 ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Buckeye Lake, Newark, Ohio, in July. Write R. L. Dungan, 507 1/2 W. Tuscarawas Ave., Barberton, Ohio.

60TH RY. ENGRS. and AUX.—Reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., July 17-20. D. E. and Eula Gallagher, secys., 821 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

VETS. 61ST RY. ENGRS.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. E. M. Soboda, secy.-treas., 932 Roscoe St., Green Bay, Wisc.

309TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—18th reunion, Canton, Ohio, Aug. 29-30. Wm. E. Graves, secy., 55 E. Pearl St., Greenwood, Ind.

133D M. G. BN. ASSOC.—Reunion, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 4-5. Jesse J. Childers, pres., 223 S. Covington St., Hillsboro, Tex.

310TH M. G. BN. REUNION ASSOC.—Reunion, Valley Forge, Pa., June 15. Arthur S. Anders, pres., 46 W. Saucon St., Hellertown, Pa.

313TH M. G. BN.—21st reunion, Erie, Pa., Aug. 31. L. E. Welk, 1009 Commerce Bldg., Erie.

Co. D, 26TH M. G. BN.—To complete roster,

write Walter M. Wood, secy., Drawer 29, Portsmouth, Ohio.

TANK CORPS—Proposed reunion all Tank Corps vets, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 14-16, with N. Y. Legion Dept. Convention. Geo. M. Kirk, chmn., 10 Felix St., Rochester.

28TH SERV. Co., SIG. CORPS—Proposed union. Write Alfred W. Cooley, Alton, N. H.

113TH SUP. TRN.—Reunion, Forest Park, Noblesville, Ind., Oct. 5. Virgil H. Smith, secy.-treas., 58 Chicago St., Valparaiso, Ind.

BAKERY Co. 2—4th reunion, with AL Ohio Dept. Conv., Youngstown, Ohio, Aug. 17-19. Mrs. Wm. Fowler, secy., R. 5, Youngstown.

BAKERY COS. 328 & 345—Reunion, with 34th Div. convention, St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 9-10. Ed. H. Slater, 76 Dayton Av., St. Paul.

BALLOON CORPS VETS OF CALIFORNIA—7th annual dinner and reunion, with AL Dept. Conv., Sacramento, Calif., Aug. 11-13. W. B. Hackett, 614 Pennsylvania St., Vallejo, Calif.

1420 AERO SQORN.—8th reunion, Tuscumbia, Ala., Aug. 29-31. Thomas "Alabam" Morris, 108 West St., Tuscumbia.

35TH & 801ST AERO SQORN.—10th reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 22-24. Dell F. Newton, 1660 W. 56th St., Los Angeles.

140TH AERO SQORN.—For reunion date, write Allen J. Hathaway, Shattuck St., Littleton, Mass.

Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH.—Reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 25. Clifford R. Summers, 2156 E. Dauphin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—22d reunion, Baltimore, Md., July 17-19. Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSP. CAMP LEE, MED. DEPT.—2d reunion-banquet, Altoona, Pa., with AL Dept. Conv., Aug. 14-16. E. P. Lawrence, chmn., 348 1/2 Wyoming Ave., Pittsburgh.

820 Co., 6TH REGT. USMC—6th reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, July 2-5. Dinner, July 5. Claude L. Smith, gen. chmn., 18098 Clifton Rd., Lakewood, Ohio.

1ST MARINE AVIATION FORCE VETS.—Reunion, New York City, Nov. 8-9. Wm. J. Lovejoy, chmn., 125 Barclay St., New York City.

AORATIC FLEET—Proposed reunion of all vets of ships' crews. Write to Richie Sierfer, Far Rockaway High School, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Natl. convention, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 27-30. Wayne Simpson, chmn., 14 W. Ohio St., Indianapolis.

NAVY CLUBS OF U. S. A.—Natl. convention-reunion of all sailors, marines and coast-guardsmen, Lima, Ohio, June 26-29. LeRoy Counts, gen. chmn., 1175 S. Union St., Lima.

ALL-NAVY (MIOWEST)—Reunion of all ex-gobs, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 25, sponsored by Navy Post, AL Henry Costa, chmn., 1222 N. Ninth St., St. Louis.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Boston, Mass., Oct. 25-27; Navy Day banquet, Boston City Club, Oct. 27. J. Frank Burke, secy., 3 Bangor Rd., West Roxbury, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. U. S. S. CONNECTICUT VETS.—5th reunion-dinner, New Haven Conn., Sept. 27. Fay Knight, natl. capt., Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. Nevada—Proposed reunion of crew. Paul McGrath, 420 Frankfort St., East Boston, Mass., or Jack Geary, Engine 32, Boston Fire Dept.

USN CAPE MAY SECTION BASE BAND—Reunion, American Legion Home, Irwin, Pa., June 7. Others connected with Base also invited. G. C. Dunmire, 303 Oak St., Irwin.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



ITCHING FEET

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test, shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



CORE PRODUCTS, INC.
860 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE.....



Keeping friends for 5 years is an old **TEN HIGH** custom

It's grand to relax at the end of a big day, and drink a toast to a job well done.

And it's even grander when you double your enjoyment with **TEN HIGH**.

Thousands who have been using it for 5 long years say, "**TEN HIGH** is always right"—with a gloriously rich flavor that's satisfying all ways, mixed or "neat." And **TEN HIGH** is *all* whiskey, so *straight* and smooth you won't find a "rough edge" in a barrelful! Ask for **TEN HIGH**—tonight!



Walton C. Seitz, 3545 North Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, rides regularly to keep in good condition, and he has been using **TEN HIGH** for 5 years to keep his drinks up to par! As Mr. Seitz says:

"When I first tried **TEN HIGH** I knew it was the whiskey for me. Smooth, light, yet flavorful and satisfying, **TEN HIGH** is my idea of a whiskey that is always just right!"

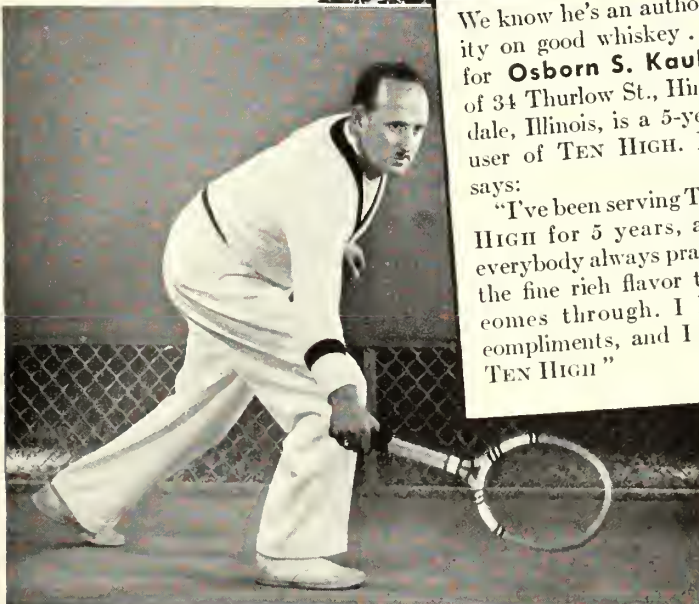
*I LIKE BOURBON
RICH AND STRAIGHT,
SO I CAN TASTE IT IN A
HIGHBALL. TEN HIGH
HAS FILLED MY ORDER
FOR 5 YEARS!*

says **Charles H. Gross**,
linotype operator, of
77 Fernwood Ave.,
Dayton, Ohio



We know he's an authority on good whiskey... for **Osborn S. Kavall**, of 34 Thurlow St., Hinsdale, Illinois, is a 5-year user of **TEN HIGH**. He says:

"I've been serving **TEN HIGH** for 5 years, and everybody always praises the fine rich flavor that comes through. I like compliments, and I like **TEN HIGH**"



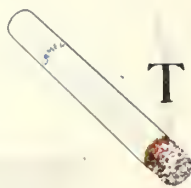
DOUBLE your
enjoyment

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY



THE SMOKE'S

THE THING!



**"You bet I smoke
Camels; they burn
slower and smoke
Extra Mild"**

—Right, Ben Hogan!

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels gives you

28%
Less Nicotine

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests of *the smoke itself*

135 POUNDS—but they say he has the greatest
swing in golf. And to champion Ben Hogan, Camel's
extra mildness is mighty important. Important to
any smoker... because this extra mildness is in
the smoke itself.

And Camels give you less nicotine in the smoke
than any of the other 4 largest-selling brands
tested... 28% *less* than the average of the other
brands. Extra mildness—extra freedom from nico-
tine in the smoke. Switch to Camels *now!*

**"Extra Flavor
always hits the spot.
That's why I don't
tire of smoking
Camels"**

**"And Camels
smoke so much
Cooler, too!"**



**"Liking Camels the way I do,
it's swell to get that EXTRA
SMOKING PER PACK.
That's ECONOMY!"**



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER
than the average of the 4 other largest-
selling brands tested—slower than
any of them—Camels also give you a
smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

For even greater economy and con-
venience, get Camels by the carton at
attractive carton prices.



"THAT CAMEL FLAVOR is something very
special," says Ben Hogan (*above*). Yes, too-fast
burning in a cigarette dulls flavor and fragrance.
Camels burn slower, give you a cooler, more flavor-
ful smoke... and *less nicotine* (see *above*).

Camel
the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos